



No. 340.—VOL. XXVII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1899.

SIXPENCE.



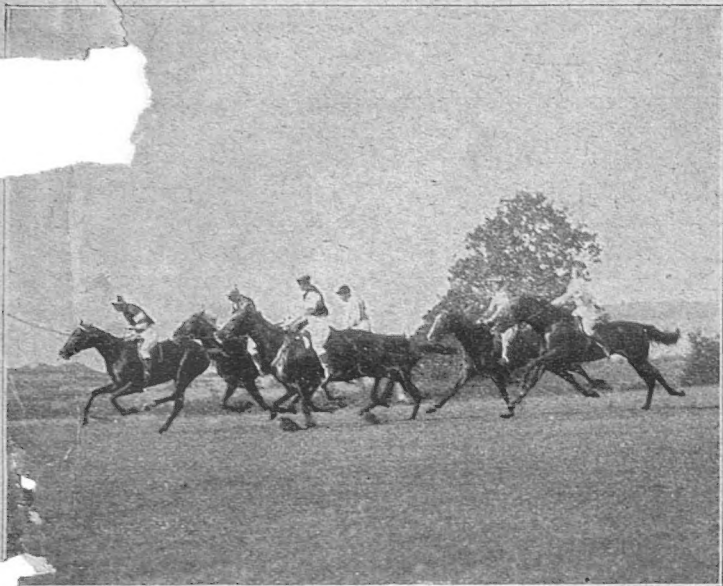
THE GODDESS OF GOODWOOD, "MR. JERSEY."

"Mr. Jersey"—that is, Mrs. Langtry—was the heroine of the Goodwood meeting, for her horse "German" carried off the Goodwood Plate and the Goodwood Cup. She has been pictured here by L. ...

GOODWOOD AND ITS GODDESS.

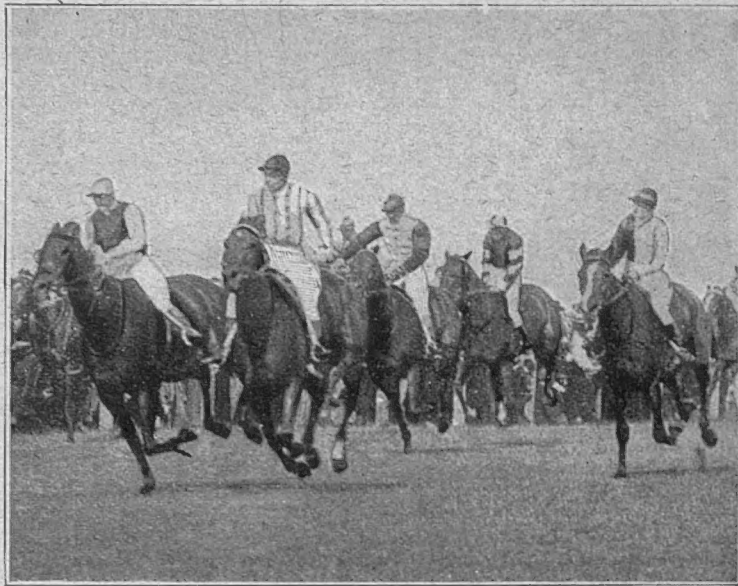
Glorious Goodwood began and ended well this year in point of sport. John Porter generally picks up a few plums at the Ducal meeting, and this year he captured the very first race by the aid of Allesby, and, it

from Gold Jug, while Knickerbocker was not even placed. Grievance was ridden by the general-utility man, Halsey, who rides on the flat or across country. Further, he is a very successful trainer of flat-racers and steeplechasers. He lives at Findon, in the house where the late William Goater died. The property is rented from her Majesty's



THE RACE FOR THE WEST DEAN STAKES.

Won by Mr. J. A. Miller's Grievance.



THE FINISH FOR THE STEWARDS' CUP.

Won by Mr. Horatio Bottomley's Northern Farmer.

needless to say, the competition for the winner was keen round the sale-ring. The auctioneer, a local man, possesses plenty of persuasive eloquence, and he managed to get plenty of money for the race fund, thanks to the keen nodding of Sir Blundell Maple and Mr. J. B. Joel. The rostrum in use at Goodwood looks very much like an old cathedral-pew. It is brought out on a man's shoulders, and fastened to the rails of the ring. But there is no Grand Stand hard by, as we get at Sandown and Kempton, so that the ladies cannot get near enough to enjoy the fun of the bidding. The feature from the speculator's point of view is the race for the Stewards' Cup. It was a very pretty finish this year, and many people thought Nun Nicer must have won, but Mr. Horatio Bottomley's Northern Farmer just got home. In the paddock, before the race, Myakka attracted the most attention, probably because she was to be ridden in the race by the American jockey, J. H. Martin, who may be said to have been Sloan's *locum tenens*. One of the biggest gambles of the meeting took place over the West Dean Stakes. Knickerbocker, who is owned by Mr. C. A. Mills, the big commission agent, was backed down to 13 to 8, but Mr. J. A. Miller, the young millionaire plunger, thought his filly, Grievance, good enough to win, and he backed her accordingly. She started at 7 to 4, and gained an easy victory

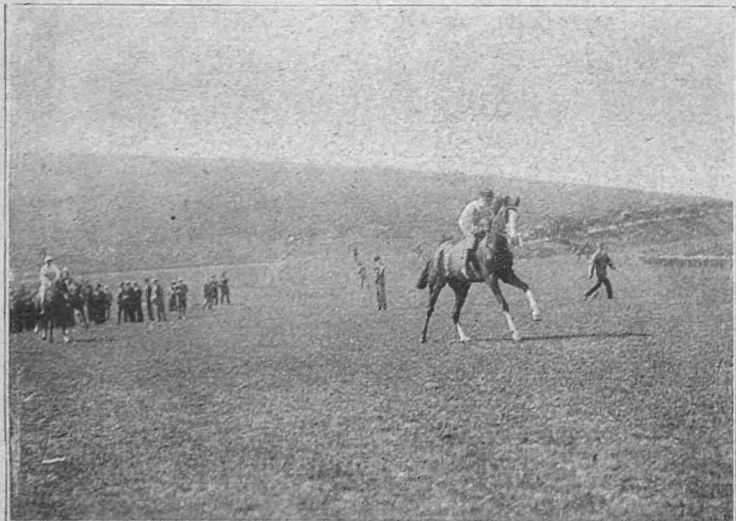
Postmaster-General, but his Grace of Norfolk does not take any interest in racing. Indeed, although Arundel Park is within easy driving distance of Goodwood, the Duke of Norfolk has attended the race-meeting only once in his life.

The honours of the meeting this year belong to Mrs. Langtry, who captured both the Cup and the Plate by the aid of that good though small Australian horse Merman. She has been most unfortunate with her race-horses during the last twelve months. Milford, the first horse of note running in her colours in England, was a beautiful animal, but a wretched rogue, and he could not be trusted. Fame came to Mrs. Langtry in the racing world when she imported Merman from Australia with a view to winning the Cesarewitch, and the gallant little horse captured the race from The Rush and a big field in '97. Dancing Wave, Maluma, and Uniform are owned by Mrs. Langtry, and they will win races later on. Mrs. Langtry has shown a love for change in the matter of trainers, having already patronised the establishments of J. Cannon, Pickering, F. Webb, and W. T. Robinson, and she is a regular attendant at the big race-meetings, and may be seen chatting to the Prince of Wales at Newmarket, or talking business with her trainer at Sandown. She is said to win heavily when her horses are successful.



MRS. LANGTRY'S MERMAN.

Won the Plate and the Cup with C. Wood up.



LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD'S MYAKKA

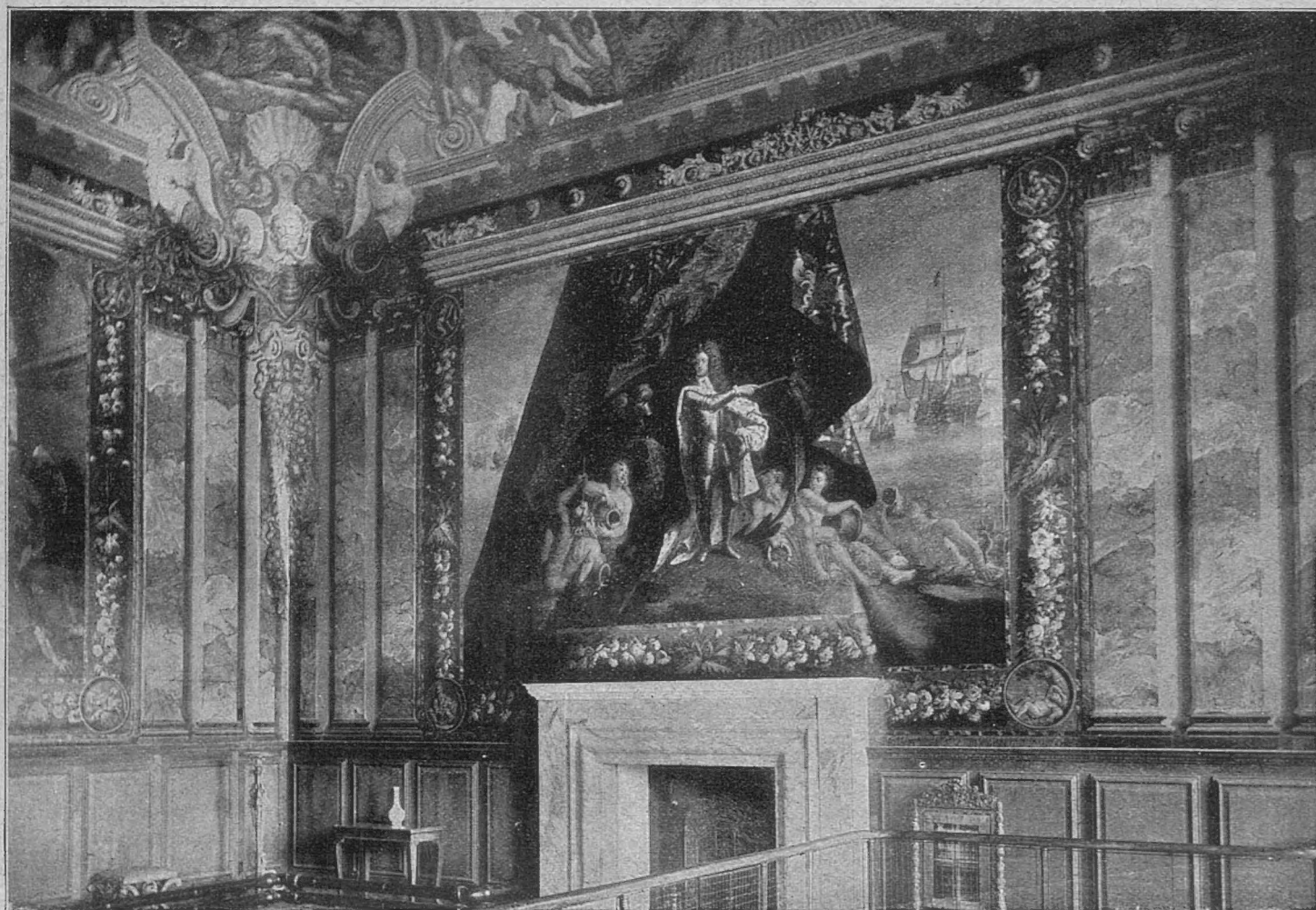
(J. H. Martin, the American jockey, up) cantering to the post for the Stewards' Cup.



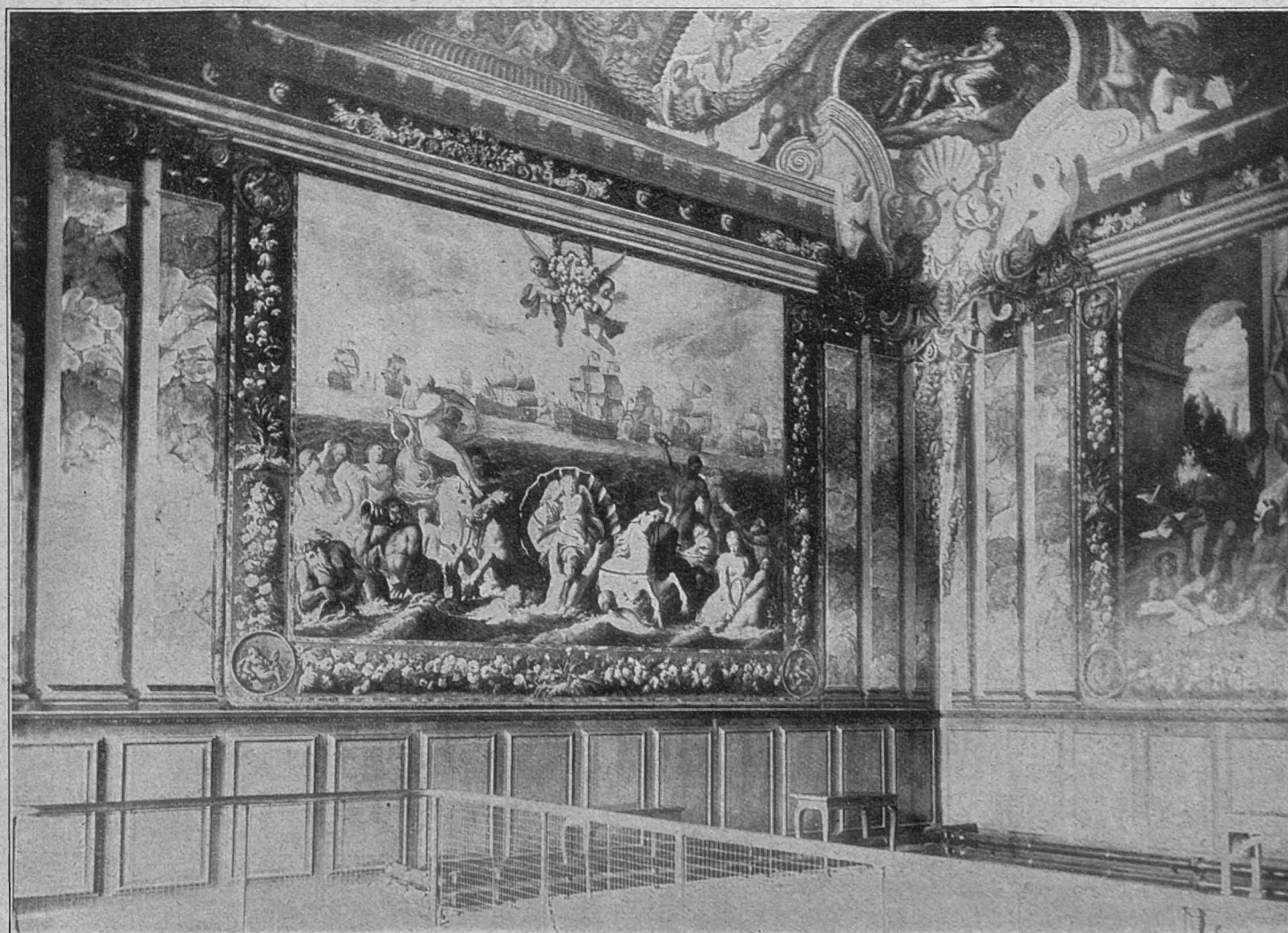
ROUND THE SALE-RING IN THE PADDOCK.

Allesby (winner of the Craven Stakes) being sold for 820 Guineas.

HIDDEN PICTURES AT HAMPTON COURT.



These mural pictures have been unmasked in Queen Anne's Drawing-room by the removal of wall-paper and plaster. Painted by Verrio, they represent an allegory of the Navy and of Prince George of Denmark as Anne's husband. It is supposed that Queen Caroline, in a fit of jealousy, covered them appropriately with green damask in 1735, which was replaced 100 years later by wall-paper. They have been photographed here by Kirk, of New Malden.



THE ROYAL CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

On Monday, July 31, at the Grand Theatre, Islington, the Royal Carl Rosa Opera Company began its autumn season. The old-established reputation of the company is supported by a thoroughly representative body of English artists, all well-known favourites of the British music-loving public; and this traditionally English organisation is now able to boast that it gives opera in English by English-speaking artists.

Among the principal ladies are Miss Ludlam; Miss Staunton, who made such a success with the "National Opera Company," now defunct; Miss Lily Heenan, who has long been associated with the Carl Rosa Company; and has established herself as a general favourite; and Miss Marie Titiens, who follows the example of her famous aunt, the late Madame Titiens.

The principal tenors are Mr. William Stephens, who has for some years been associated with English opera; Mr. Frank Wood, connected with the Carl Rosa Company for many seasons; and Mr. Reginald Brophy, who, after a distinguished and successful career at the Royal Academy of Music, has proved himself an operatic artist of the first rank. The baritones are Mr. Walter Burton, who has achieved a great success with the "Moody-Manners" Opera



MISS MARIE TITIENS.

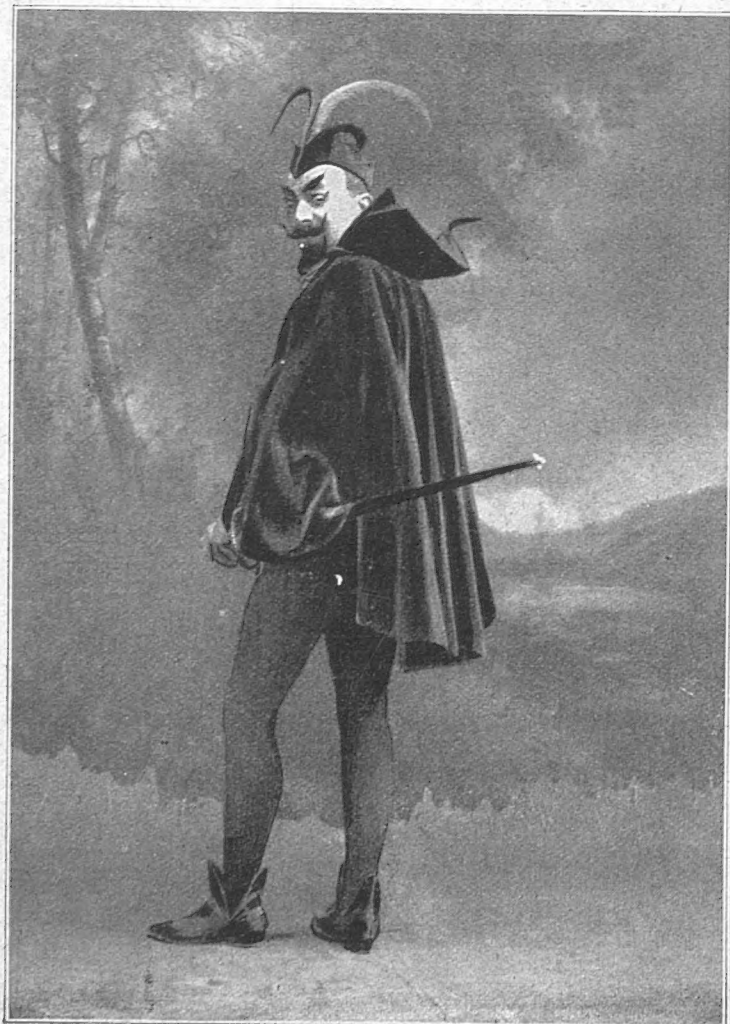
Photo by Langster, Old Bond Street, W.

Company, and Mr. Arthur Deane, who, after a successful career in Australia, has proved his quality during the last season before audiences of the Mother Country. The principal basses are Mr. Frank Belcher, of San Francisco, who has just completed a three years' course of study in Italy; and Mr. Arthur Winckworth, one of the ablest artists on the English operatic stage.

Mr. Eugene Goossens, the clever son of a clever father, will act as Musical Director, and may be relied on to produce operas with the general excellence which has already made his name famous.

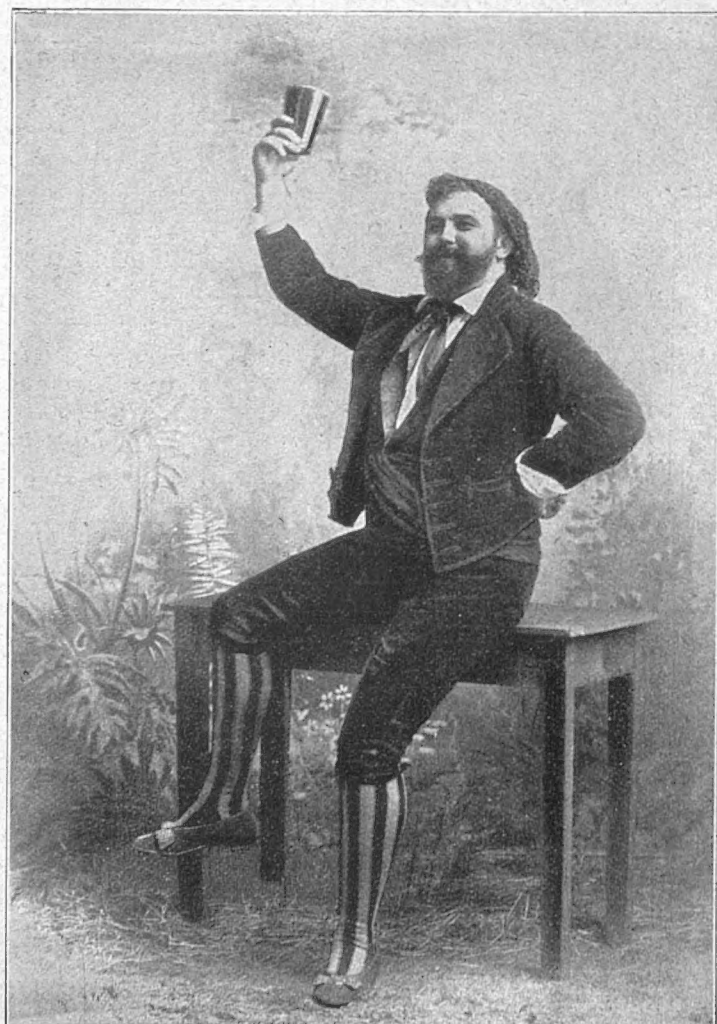
The tour of the season, which will extend into the spring of 1900, will embrace most of the large towns in the United Kingdom, and will be under the general direction of Dr. F. Osmond Carr.

It is hoped that during the season several novelties will be presented to English audiences. Besides "San Lin," Mr. Victor Hollaender's powerful Chinese opera on the story of "The Cat and the Cherub," a one-act opera on the story of "The Curious Impertinent," in "Don Quixote," by Mr. Frewin, the assistant-conductor and an old pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, will be performed, and it is intended to revive Goring Thomas's works, "Esmeralda" and "Nadeshda."



MR. ARTHUR WINCKWORTH.

Photo by Langster, Old Bond Street, W.



MR. REGINALD BROPHY.

Photo by Kington, Bedford.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

PARIS AND THE CONTINENT.—Royal Mail Route by 20-knot Steamers, via Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen. The Cheapest Route. Two Express Services, 10 a.m. and 8.50 p.m., from London daily, including Sundays. Through Registration of Luggage extended to Lausanne, Berne, Neuchâtel, Montreux, &c. Through connections from the North via Victoria. Direct and Circular Tickets to all parts. **CAEN FOR LOWER NORMANDY AND BRITTANY.** Roads and Scenery specially recommended to Cyclists. Direct Steamer from Newhaven every Week-day.

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AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.—TO SEASIDE FOR WEEK-END.—FRIDAY, SATURDAY, AND SUNDAY, AUG. 4, 5, and 6, from London and Suburban Stations. Available up to Wednesday Aug. 9.

TO SEASIDE FOR 8, 10, 15, or 17 DAYS.—SATURDAYS from London and Suburban Stations. Fares, 6s., Brighton; 6s. 6d., Seaford, Worthing, and Littlehampton; 7s., Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, Hastings, Bognor, Chichester, Midhurst, Havant, Hayling Island, Southsea, and Portsmouth.

MONDAY, AUG. 7.—Day Excursions from London. To Brighton, Lewes, Newhaven, Seaford, Tunbridge Wells, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, Hastings, Worthing, Havant, Portsmouth, Southsea, and the Isle of Wight.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Frequent Trains direct from London Bridge, New Cross, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), Clapham Junction, &c., as required by the traffic.

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SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM AND DOVER RAILWAYS.

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.

CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS.

Charing Cross, Cannon Street, London Bridge, and New Cross to	SUNDAY, AUG. 6.		MONDAY, AUG. 7.	
	Train.	Return Fares Third Class.	Train.	Return Fares Third Class.
ASHFORD	8 15 a.m.	s. d. 3 0	7 5 a.m.	s. d. 3 6
ALDERSHOT			7 0 & 9 28*	3 0
CANTERBURY	8 15 "	4 0	7 0 "	5 0†
DEAL	9 2 "	4 0	7 5 "	5 0†
DOVER	9 0 "	4 0	7 5 "	5 0†
FOLKESTONE	9 0 "	4 0	7 5 "	5 0†
GRAVESEND	Any train.	1 6	Any train.	1 6
HASTINGS	9 20 "	5 0‡	8 30 "	5 0†
HERNE BAY	2 0 p.m.	2 6		
HYTHE	8 8 a.m.	3 0	6 50 "	4 0
MARGATE	8 15 "	4 0	7 0 "	5 0†
RAMSGATE	8 15 "	4 0	7 0 "	5 0†
SANDGATE	8 8 "	3 0	6 50 "	4 0
TUNBRIDGE WELLS	9 20 "	2 8‡	8 30 "	4 0
WALMER	9 2 "	4 0	7 0 "	5 0†
WHITSTABLE	2 0 p.m.	2 6		

† 4s. from NEW CROSS.

* Waterloo 9.19 and Cannon Street 9.25 a.m., changing at London Bridge. The Aldershot Excursions do not call at New Cross.

SPECIAL TRAINS for HAYES, BLACKHEATH, GREENWICH, GRAVESEND (for ROSHERVILLE GARDENS), &c.

CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS.

Victoria, Holborn, St. Paul's, &c., to	SUNDAY, AUG. 6.		MONDAY, AUG. 7.	
	Train.	Return Fares Third Class.	Train.	Return Fares Third Class.
CANTERBURY	9 0 a.m.	s. d. 4 0	7 0 a.m.	s. d. 5 0
DEAL	9 0 "	4 0	7 0 "	5 0
DOVER	9 0 "	4 0	7 0 "	5 0
GRAVESEND	Any train.	1 6	Any train.	1 6
HASTINGS	9 15 & 10 30	5 0‡	9 0 "	5 0
HERNE BAY	8 0 "	3 0	8 0 "	3 6
HERNE BAY	3 0 p.m.	2 6		
MARGATE	8 0 a.m.	4 0	8 0 "	5 0
RAMSGATE	8 0 "	4 0	8 0 "	5 0
SHERNESS	8 25 "	2 6	10 0 "	2 6
* TUNBRIDGE WELLS	9 15 & 10 30	2 8‡	9 0 "	4 0
WALMER	9 0 "	4 0	7 0 "	5 0
WHITSTABLE	8 0 "	3 0	8 0 "	3 6
WHITSTABLE	3 0 p.m.	2 6		

* From VICTORIA (CHATHAM and DOVER) only.

CRYSTAL PALACE (HIGH LEVEL STATION).—On BANK HOLIDAY frequent Special and Ordinary Trains will run to and from HOLBORN, VICTORIA, LUDGATE HILL, ST. PAUL'S, and intermediate Stations, and the CRYSTAL PALACE. Return Fare, 1s. 6d., Third Class, including admission.

SPECIAL NOTE.—The USUAL EXTENSION OF TIME for CERTAIN Return Tickets WILL BE ALLOWED.

CONTINENTAL EXCURSIONS.

Special Cheap Tickets to	Available for	First Class	Second Class	Third Class
AMSTERDAM	8 days	s. d. 37 1	s. d. 25 6	s. d. 17 10
ARNHEM	8 days	38 2	26 5	17 10
BOULOGNE	Friday to Wednesday	30 0	25 0	17 10
BOULOGNE	Saturday to Monday	21 0	...	12 6
BOULOGNE	Bank Holiday	14 0	...	9 0
BRUSSELS (V. à Calais)	8 days	47 6	33 5	22 2
BRUSSELS (V. à Ostend)	8 days	37 5	26 8	19 11
CALAIS	Friday to Wednesday	31 0	26 0	20 0
CALAIS	Saturday to Monday	22 0	...	13 6
CALAIS	Bank Holiday	15 0	...	10 0
FLUSHING	Friday to Tuesday	25 0	17 7	...
FLUSHING (for Cycling)	17 days	30 0	20 0	...
HAGUE, THE	8 days	33 10	23 5	...
O-TEND	8 days	28 3	19 9	...
PARIS	14 days	58 4	37 6	30 0
ROTTERDAM	8 days	31 10	21 9	...
UTRECHT	8 days	36 7	25 4	...

All Continental Services as usual.

For particulars of Trains by which the above Tickets will be issued, London Departure Stations, Return Times, Alterations in Train Services, &c., see Bills and Holiday Programme.

ALFRED WILLIS, General Manager.

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J. L. WILKINSON, General Manager.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

PRINCIPAL SERVICES TO SEASIDE RESORTS.

WEEK-DAYS.

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Paddington dep.	5 30	7 25	8 57	9 0	9 31	10 30	10 35	10 45	11 30	11 45
Weymouth arr.			10 20							
Guernsey			5 30							
Jersey			7 30							
Minehead	11 55	1 0		p.m.	3 30					
Ilfracombe	2 23			4 18						
Exeter	1 58	12 12		1 46						
Dawlish	11 21	14 48		2 19						
Teignmouth	11 34	12 59		2 30						
Torquay	12 20	1 37		3 2						
Plymouth (Mill Bay)	12 53	2 3				3 37	3 53			
Newquay						5 55	6 23			
Falmouth						6 18	6 40			
St. Ives							7 15			
Penzance							7 7			
Tenby								p.m.	6 20	9 23
Dolgelly										
Barmouth										
Aberystwyth										

	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	night.	night.
Paddington dep.	1 15	2 10	3 0	6 0	9 0	9 15	9 45	12 0	12 10	
Weymouth arr.			7 5	11 0						
Guernsey							6 30			
Jersey							9 0			
Minehead	6 50		8 25					a.m.	9D15	
Ilfracombe			9 29						12D5	
Exeter			7 22	11 6		a.m.				
Dawlish			8 14	11 28					5 0	
Teignmouth			7 52	11 39	3 0				7 40	
Torquay			7 9	12 17	3 40				7E32	
Plymouth (Mill Bay)			7A46	1 0	4 35				9D55	
Newquay						7 0			10 25	
Falmouth						7 35			11 8	
St. Ives						7 25	a.m.		11 3	
Penzance							6 3			a.m.
Tenby										10D5
Dolgelly			9 10							11D20
Barmouth			9C50							11 35
Aberystwyth			9 45							

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J. L. WILKINSON, General Manager.

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ISLE OF WIGHT—FOUR ROUTES.
BY
LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

WEEK-DAYS.

COWES, &c., via S. UTHAMPTON.

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
WATERLOO dep.	6 0	7 55	11 15	12 50	3 10	6 0
COWES arr.	11 10	12 10	3 0	4 50	7 0	9 45
NEWPORT	11 55	12 55	3 55	5 15	7 40	

LYMINGTON ROUTE.—TO YARMOUTH FOR FRESHWATER, TOTLAND BAY, AND ALUM BAY
Coaches are now running between Yarmouth, Freshwater, and Alum Bay.

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
WATERLOO dep.	5 50	6 0	9 30	12 30	2 25	4 55
YARMOUTH arr.	9 25	11 0	12 53	3 30	5 45	7 55
FRESHWATER (by coach from Yarmouth)			10 30	1 40	4 15	6 15
TOTLAND BAY				12 0	4 0	6 20
ALUM BAY				12 10	4 10	

PORTSMOUTH ROUTE, VIA THE DIRECT LINE.

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
WATERLOO dep.	5 25	6 40	8 50	9 5	12 15	1 5	1 50	3 40	4 12
PORTSMOUTH arr.	8 5	9 20	11 7	11 51	2 11	3 40	4 29	5 40	6 35
RYDE	8 45	10 15	11 55	12 50	3 0	4 30	5 10	6 35	7 30
VENTNOR	10 0	11 4	12 49	2 1	3 36	5 15	6 0	7 15	8 37

STOKES BAY (FAMILY) ROUTE.

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
WATERLOO dep.	5 50	7 53	11 15	2 55	5 13	7 0
RYDE			9 2	12 0	3 36	6 0
VENTNOR			11 0	12 49	3 36	6 0

Excursions every Saturday to LYMINGTON, PORTSMOUTH, ISLE OF WIGHT, &c.

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NORTH WALES TOURIST RESORTS.				
		a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
London (Euston) ...	dep.	9 30	11 15	1 30
Rhyl ...	arr.	2 32	4 30	6 53
Colwyn Bay ...	arr.	3 3	4 50	7 33
Llandudno ...	arr.	3 30	5 20	7 40
Penmaenmawr ...	arr.	4 8	5 22	7 35
Bangor ...	arr.	3 24	6 43	7 55
Pwllheli ...	arr.	5 5	...	9 50
Criccieth ...	arr.	5 8	...	9 38

		a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
London (Euston) ...	dep.	9 30	11 0	2 35
Barnmouth ...	arr.	4 35	5 55	...
Aberystwyth ...	arr.	4 20	5 3	9 45

CENTRAL WALES.				
		a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
London (Euston) ...	dep.	11 0	1 30	...
Llandrindod Wells ...	arr.	4 15	7 5	...
Llangamarch Wells ...	arr.	4 52	7 38	...
Llanwrtyd Wells ...	arr.	5 5	7 44	...

BLACKPOOL AND ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.				
		a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
London (Euston) ...	dep.	10 25	11 30	...
Blackpool ...	arr.	4 0
Morecambe ...	arr.	4 3
Windermere ...	arr.	4 40
Ke-swick ...	arr.	...	6 0	...

For further particulars see the Company's Time Tables and Notices.

Euston, August 1899.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

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GEORGE S. GIBB,

York, July 1899.

General Manager.

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

One of the few points in the royal yacht which serves to distinguish the fact that it carries a Queen is the beautiful steering gear and the appearance of sundry crowns on the deck. Had the *Victoria and Albert* been built 150 years ago, we might have had something approaching the gorgeousness of an old State Barge, such an one as might have stopped at York Gate, when the Queen was handed lightly to the shore on a visit to his Grace of Buckingham. But, alas, there is no Buckingham and no barge to-day.

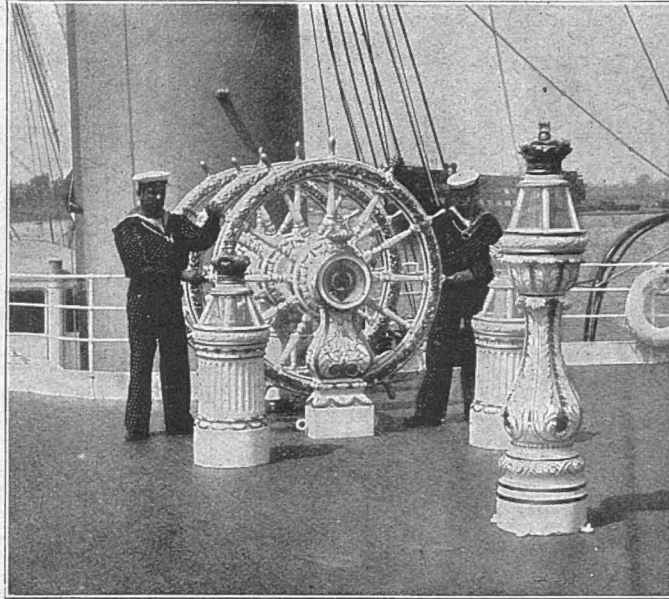
The *Vengeance* is afloat. Our latest battleship, built by Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim, was launched last week at Barrow, in the presence of thousands of spectators. The vessel is 390 feet long, 74 feet broad, and displaces 12,950 tons. She has two screws. Her big guns are of the 12-inch type, each weighing about fifty tons. There will be four of these weapons.

Two of the important Bills of the Session have been entrusted in the House of Lords to the Earl of Selborne. Even if he were not the Prime Minister's son-in-law and Mr. Chamberlain's colleague in the Colonial Department, he would inspire confidence. There is no abler man among the subordinate occupants of the Government Bench in the House of Lords, and few peers are so industrious. Perhaps it would be invidious to say that few are so conscientious. Lord Selborne was reluctant to leave the House of Commons, where he had attained an honourable position and had done useful service for the Liberal-Unionist Party, but the atmosphere of the Upper House has not yet dulled his political ardour. By associating with Mr. Chamberlain, of course, he receives regular stimulus, and apparently he enters heartily into the projects of his chief, even when they relate

not to Colonial affairs, but to social reforms. Whatever may be said against the great man from Birmingham, it is admitted that he grapples his friends and associates to him with more success than many other politicians. Lord Selborne is an honourable, upright man, with whom it is easy for a chief—even a masterful, ambitious chief—to get on; and his connection by marriage with the Prime Minister's family has certainly proved no bar to an intimate relationship with the statesman who cannot be expected always to see eye to eye with the Conservative leader.

Among the working peers, none are more anxious to keep the House of Lords before the public than the Earl of Camperdown. It was partly in consequence of his zealous efforts that the House some years ago accelerated the hour of its sitting. Lord Salisbury chaffed him at the time on his zeal, but the years which have intervened have left him as keen as ever. Seldom is Lord Camperdown absent from a sitting. He delights in great affairs. From a corner seat below the gangway on the Liberal side he watches all Bills and controversies. He is a Liberal-Unionist, but not without independence, and, although he lacks brilliance, he is a sensible, painstaking, well-informed peer, capable sometimes of caustic speech. The noble lord is descended from the celebrated

Admiral Duncan who won the Battle of Camperdown in 1797. His interests are associated chiefly with Forfarshire, which yields him a fine revenue, and he is an authority on Scottish affairs. Some day, indeed, he may be Secretary for Scotland. Tight-fitting trousers give him a horsey appearance, but appearances in this case are quite misleading. Politics are his favourite sport, and, instead of the race-course, the House of Lords is his beloved arena.

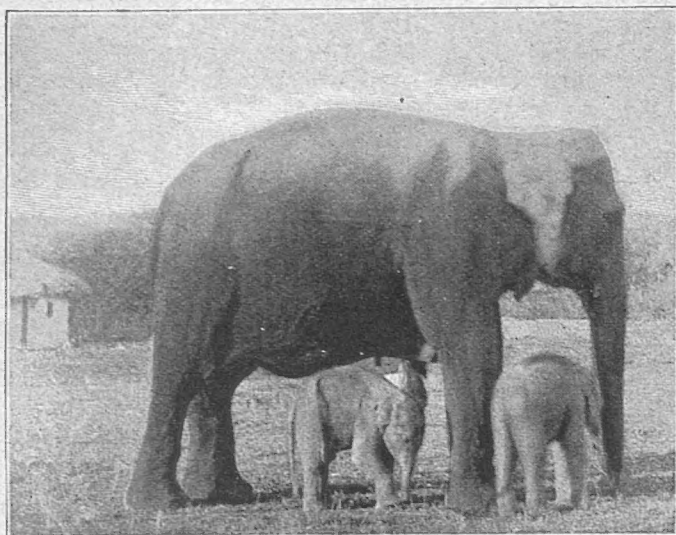


THE STEERING GEAR OF THE QUEEN'S NEW YACHT.
Photo by Ida Fenner, Gosport.



THE LATEST LEVIATHAN: THE LAUNCH OF H.M.S. "VENGEANCE" AT BARROW-IN-FURNESS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY VICKERS, SONS, AND MAXIM.

Here is a photograph of a curiosity which has been sent me from India—to wit, an elephant with twin calves. As everyone knows, it is rare (in India, at all events) for elephants to be born in captivity: twin calves are so uncommon that that great authority, Mr. Sanderson, had



PROMISING TWINS.

only once "heard of what appears to be a well-authenticated case of a female elephant having two calves at a birth." These quaint babies were born on Nov. 24 last at Terapore, their mother being a respectable and hard-working elephant employed by the Military Police at that station. A new-born elephant weighs about two hundred pounds and has a toy trunk about twelve inches long.

One of the most admirable testimonials which I have encountered for years is that which has been organised in memory of the late Alfred Bryan. I had admired Mr. Bryan's work for a great many years, but I met him only on one occasion, in the stalls of the Comedy, where we watched the brilliant performance of Miss Eleanor Calhoun in "A Lady of Quality." I never saw Mr. Bryan again, and I was shocked to hear of his sudden death. None of his actual contemporaries, it seems to me, could sketch stage-figures with greater fidelity than Mr. Bryan. Some draughtsmen were perhaps more artistic, but in nine cases out of ten an actor is quite unrecognisable as portrayed by the black-and-white men, and this unreality has been made all the more apparent by the camera, which *The Sketch* was the first paper in this country to turn on to the stage. Thus believing in the photographic art as applied to the stage, I was a great admirer of Mr. Bryan's wonderful work, and I can imagine nothing more fitting for that history of the stage which some energetic publisher must yet issue than the revival of Mr. Bryan's sketches in the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*. That journal, of course, was only one of the outlets for his indomitable genius, for "A. B." was extraordinarily industrious and turned off sketches with almost lightning rapidity; and yet he died without leaving more than a partial provision for his family. None of his four children are over sixteen, and their education will make heavy inroads into the little fortune. Hence this testimonial, for which Mr. G. J. Maddick, of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, 148, Strand, will be eager to receive your cheque. The General Committee include the most diverse names, from Sir Squire Bancroft, Sir Henry Irving, Sir William Ingram, Sir George Lewis, and Mr. Kendal, to Mr. Herbert Campbell, Mr. Bernard Partridge, Mr. Clement Scott, and a host of others, for "A. B." was universally beloved and respected. I look upon this testimonial as a matter of sheer gratitude to a man who gave us all many pleasant moments, and I hope it will be well supported.

The demolition of a range of antiquated structures in Bishopsgate Street has temporarily revealed the exterior of one of the sides of the famous fifteenth-century City palace, known as Crosby Hall. Occupying the centre of a locality rich in historic interest, Crosby Hall has been fortunate in possessing owners who have had respect for its old-time character and associations, inasmuch that it retains a savour of the far-off times when monarchs and their regal friends banqueted within its portals. The edifice owes its designation to its original builder, Sir John Crosby, grocer and woolstapler, Alderman and Member of Parliament for the City. It was owned in succession by the Duke of Gloucester who became Richard III.; by the Lord Mayors of London; by Sir Thomas More, who had Henry VIII. frequently as his guest. Following the Lord High Chancellor as owner was Sir John Spencer, who was here visited by Queen Elizabeth, by Raleigh, Sidney, and Greville. William Shakspeare lived in the vicinity of Crosby Hall in 1598, and fifty years later the hall served as a prison for Royalists awaiting trial. Since 1872 the ancient hall has been owned by Messrs. Frederick Gordon and Co., who have made it famous in a modern sense, while preserving its archaic interior, as a high-class restaurant and banquetting-place.

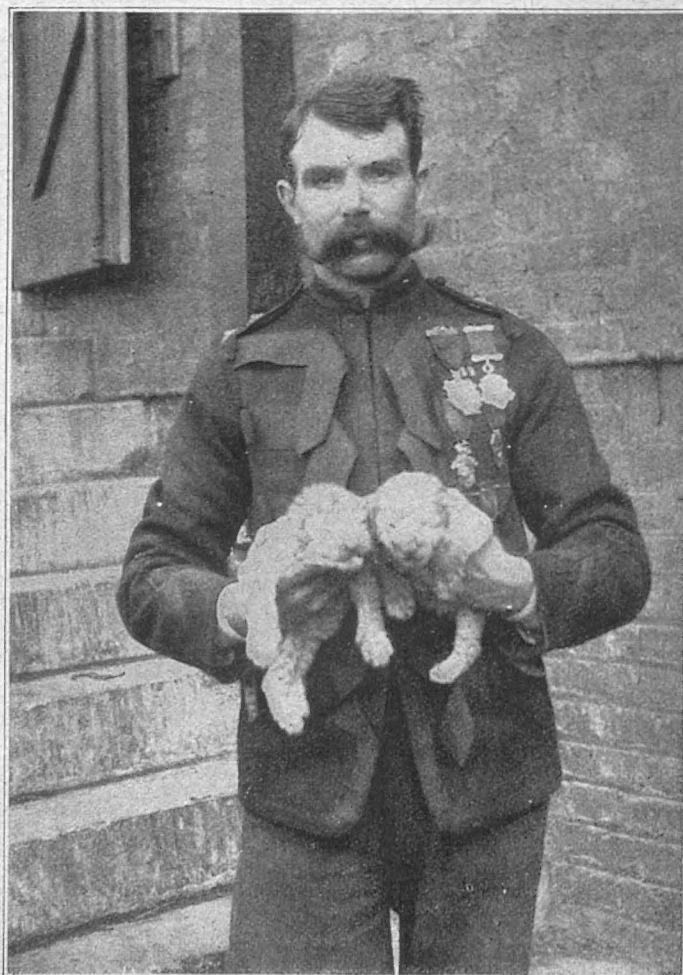
Some weeks ago I wrote that of all the Barons who signed—or, more correctly, I suppose I ought to say, attached their seals to—"Magna

Charta," not one is at the present day represented in the line male. A correspondent writes me thus—

I understand, subject to correction, that William Ferrers, fourth Earl of Derby, was one of the above-mentioned Barons, of whom I am the senior representative in the line male through William Ferrers, of Taplow Court (temp. Henry VII.), heir male of Edmund, brother and heir male of William Ferrers, sixth Lord Ferrers of Chartley, last Baron of the name, who left an only daughter, who carried the Barony and all property not entailed on the heir male to her husband, Walter Devereux, ancestor of the family of Hereford. I may add that the other representatives of this house are my one remaining brother and Norman Ferrers, Master of Caius College, Cambridge, and his sons, the said Norman being the son of my grandfather's younger brother.

Are the French going to revive the gladiatorial "sports" of old Rome? At Roubaix, on the National Fête Day, July 14, one of the excitements offered the public was a fight between a lion and a bull, to take place in a cage about twenty yards by seven. That the fight did not come off was entirely due to the superior intelligence of the lion, an elderly animal procured from a menagerie for the occasion; he crouched in a corner of the den and looked on with contemptuous indulgence while the bull danced around making warlike demonstrations. So far, the exhibition was harmless enough; but it did not satisfy the large audience which had paid to see a fight, and the more ambitious spirits did their best to rouse the lion by throwing *sabots* at him. Protected by the cage-bars, he lay unmoved by the shower of wooden shoes, so the manager took the matter in hand and tried to stir him up with the point of a sword-cane. This naturally made the lion angry, but furnished no convincing argument to his mind for attacking the bull, now sniffing peaceably about the den. Eventually the endeavour to make the two fight was abandoned as hopeless, and the audience dispersed.

These pretty little cubs were born at the Earl's Court Exhibition seven weeks ago. Their parents, Princess Victoria and Pasha, are singularly fine specimens of the African leonine tribe. The former was born on the Queen's Birthday 1894; the latter, who has lost an eye, has been in captivity for fourteen years, during which time he has earned distinction as a man-slayer. Their offspring, both females, have been officially named by Mr. Frank E. Fillis, who sprinkled them with sparkling champagne and called them "Princess May" and "Princess Dagmar." Captain Frank Taylor does not believe in allowing a lioness to rear her own family, and, therefore, since the day of their birth these cubs have been foster-mothered by a beautiful brown spaniel. One hundred pounds would not purchase this pair of miniature lionesses, and ten times that amount would not be sufficient to buy the family, or induce Captain Taylor to explain how it is that Pasha has not yet succeeded in even scratching him. Seven lion-tamers in succession have fallen victims to Pasha, and it is not his fault that another has not yet been added to the list. Princess May and Princess Dagmar are now on public view.



LION-CUBS BORN AT EARL'S COURT.

Photo by R. Johnson, Chelsea.

This day nearly five hundred years ago all the people of York made the Micklegate their Mecca, for the head of Sir Henry Percy, the haughty Hotspur, was impaled on one of the battlements as a terrible warning. On July 22, 1403, he fell at the Battle of Shrewsbury, shot through the head. His body was buried and then resurrected, placed between two millstones in the Market-place of Shrewsbury, and then quartered. York got the head.

When the invention of M. Rosinski, a Parisian engineer, becomes popular, you will no longer need to grope for a match to light the gas, for, by merely turning on the gas to the burner, M. Rosinski's invention permits a material to become incandescent by gas contact from the branch passage which directs a current of gas on to the material. Upon the ignition of the jet a tube becomes heated. This tube has one end closed and the lower end open, and contains mercury and a volume of air, which, under the action of the pilot-light heat, causes a bulb, placed at its lower end, to expand, thereby slowly shutting off the gas-supply from the branch passage to the pilot light. This is not effected until a small lever has been raised simultaneously so as to touch a cone-valve controlling the gas-supply to the main burner. The lever thus raised admits the gas to the burner, which is at once ignited by the pilot light just before the latter slowly disappears, owing to the automatic withdrawal of gas from the branch passage by the expansion of the bulb as explained. The cost is not expected to exceed eighteenpence. The contrivance is very ingenious, and, on a first view, amusing also.

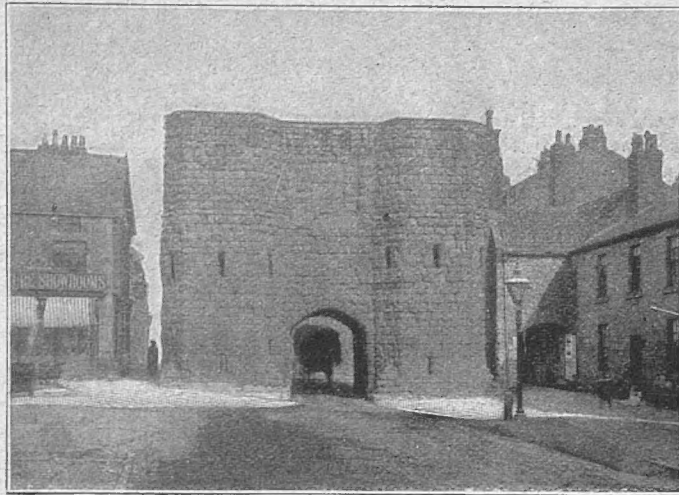
The Duke of Manchester spends a good deal of his time at Kimbolton Castle, which has a fine collection of pictures, although the rooms are of the most simple character. Here, for example, is a photograph of the Duke's bedroom, which is rather curious in that the pictures on the walls give a very fair indication of his Grace's tastes. It is probable that the prints of William I., Bismarck, and Frederick, which hang above the

cupboard, are a relic of those days when his grandmother, the present Duchess of Devonshire (who, as you know, is the daughter of a Hanoverian Count), reigned at Kimbolton. Miss Mimi St. Cyr, in all her diaphanous daintiness, may be taken to represent the outlook of a younger generation. I take it that his Grace himself has framed the

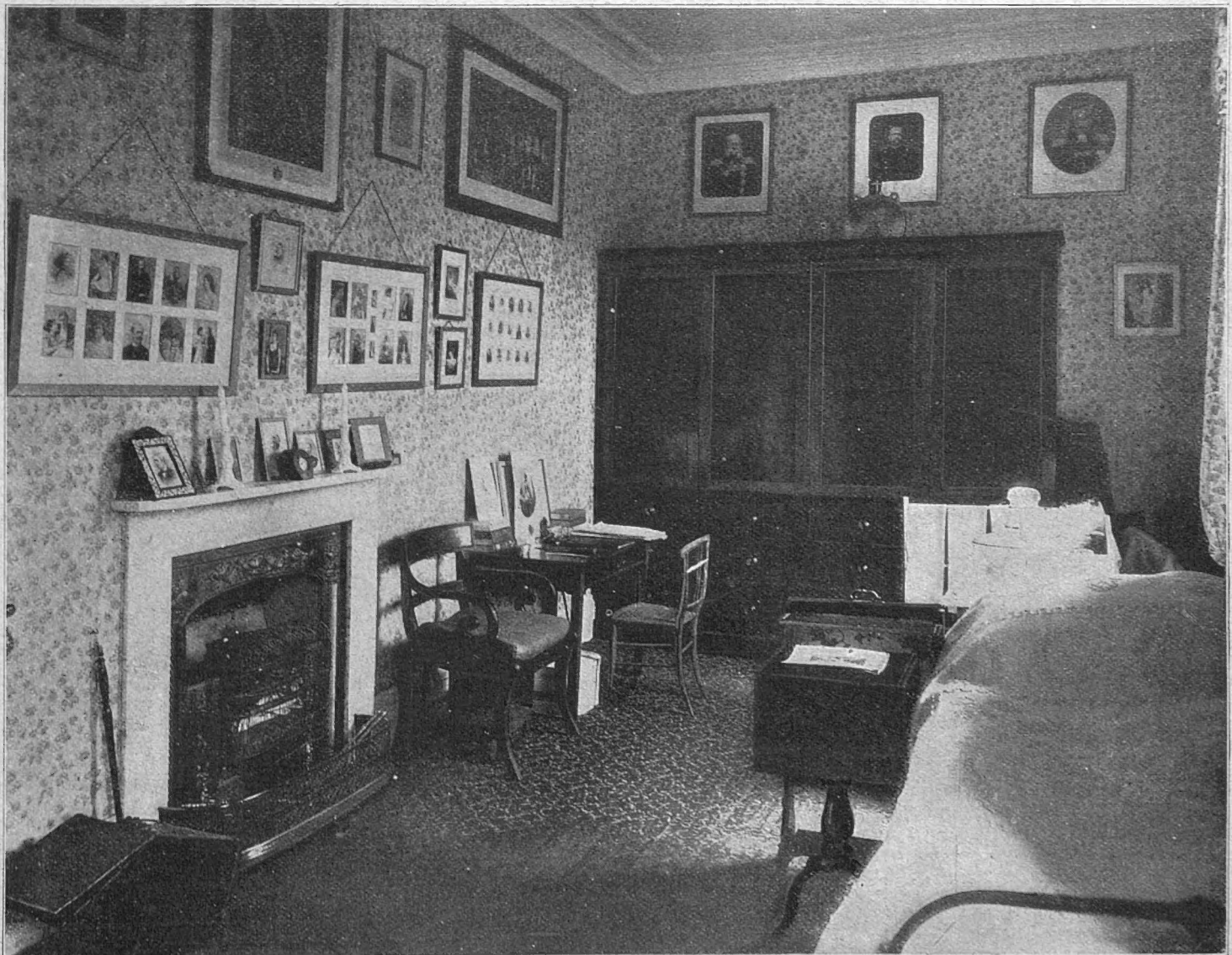
series of photographs of some of the theatrical celebrities of the day. I notice, for example, that immediately beneath the "Descent from the Cross" you catch the eye of Miss May Yohe and of Mrs. Patrick Campbell; then there are the de Reszkes, and more actresses, while Sir William Harcourt, flanked by a candlestick, takes a humbler place on the mantelshelf. The Duke's devotion to royalty, however, is traced by the Princess of Wales, who gets a frame and a special place all to herself.

Mr. W. T. Horton, who, I believe, was educated at the same school in Brighton as Aubrey Beardsley, has made a great advance as an artist of the grotesque in his designs to Mr. Smithers' new edition of "The Ram" and "The Pit and the Pendulum," by Poe. The drawings, seven in number, have been beautifully reproduced in Paris by the Lemerier process. Some of them remind me of the remarkable fantasies which Mr. Sime is now contributing to the *Pall Mall Magazine*. They are certainly very weird.

On a former occasion I referred to the extraordinary collection of foreign newspapers which Mr. Poma, the Italian Consul at Cardiff, has gathered together from every corner of the world. My reference caught the eyes of a great many correspondents, so I take it that newspaper collecting is not confined to the Consul. Hence I have great pleasure in noticing the catalogue of his treasures which he has just sent me. It forms a sixteen-page pamphlet, printed in English at Turin. Mr. Poma possesses newspapers in a hundred and eleven languages, from Albanian down to Zulu.

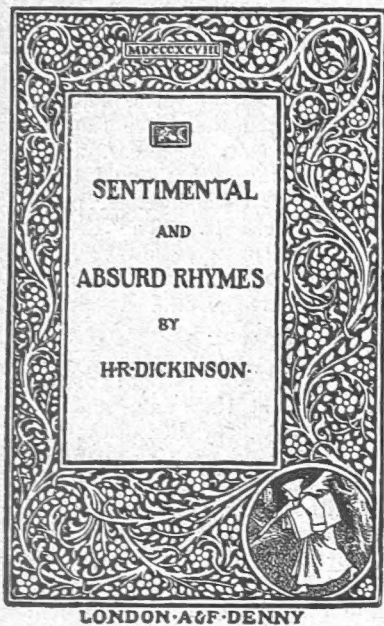


ON THIS GATE IN YORK THE HEAD OF HOTSPUR WAS EXHIBITED IN 1403.



THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER'S BEDROOM AT KIMBOLTON.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

"Sentimental and Absurd Rhymes," by H. R. Dickinson, seem to justify both counts of their title, and in point of merit the Sentimental have the advantage of the Absurd. The verses are, I believe, the work of a wood-engraver, whose pretty title-page to his book, taken in contrast with his poetic effusions, once again enforces the ancient counsel, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. Messrs. A. and F. Denny are the publishers.



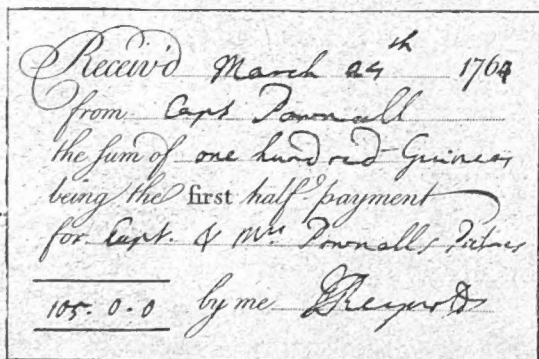
A WOOD-ENGRAVER AS A POET.

that is in highest favour. As the French noble lords, with some exceptions, scorn work, each generation grows more incapable, while the present generation is said to have succumbed in large part to the vices of idleness. Thus the course of the aristocracy tends to make them lose prestige in the eyes of a laborious people.

The exceptions to this rule of conduct are interesting to note. The preferred career of the French nobility, after the army and the marine, has been insurance, and several, as the Count de Montferand, the Viscount de Riancy, the Count de la Jaille, have made brilliant successes in this line. A few have gone into manufactures, as the Count de Dion, who makes motor-cars, and the Count de Cathelineau, who makes bicycles. Several are found in commerce, principally the commerce of wines, as the Marquis de Mun, who has inherited a vineyard in Champagne; the Count de Montebello, who has given his name to the champagne of Montebello; the Marquis de Lur-Saluces, who is proprietor of the wine known as Château-Yquem. Those that have tried agriculture are more numerous; but, although there is more opportunity in this direction than elsewhere for the exercise of intelligence, the subject being as yet almost virgin to science, yet all that the greater part of them have done has been to ruin themselves. A few have explored the colonies, where they have discovered extraordinary signs of English perfidy in badly cooked eggs or in the black colour of the natives.

Of these last was the Marquis de Mores, assassinated in the Soudan, around whose story so many legends and recriminations have grown that it looms up on the future with a menace almost equal to the "affair" now finishing at Rennes. And far rather than that the aristocracy should agitate France with another "affair," the French people would prefer that they all followed the example of the Count de Castellane, and achieved or not their own destruction. Which course, it seems, they would not be loth to pursue; but a Jay Gould for a father-in-law is not found on every tree.

The demolition of the back of Sir Joshua Reynolds's house and studio in Leicester Square has again drawn attention to the "Sir Joshua's" that are in private hands. Probably few, if any, works of this great artist exist that have not been fully accounted for in catalogue and by engravings. The history of any well-known portrait by Reynolds is always worth recording, and happening to sit at dinner the other night opposite a fine full-length by the master, I was curious enough to inquire of my host how it came to be hanging there. The owner, Mr. Algernon Bastard, not only satisfied my curiosity—a proceeding which necessitated dipping into the chronicles of the Bastards, who, according to Domesday, came



WHAT REYNOLDS GOT FOR A PORTRAIT.

over with William of Normandy—but also very kindly permitted me to copy the receipt for one hundred guineas for painting a pair of portraits in Sir Joshua's own handwriting, and gave me an engraving of the painting, both of which are reproduced here.

When Robert Bastard, or Robert le Bastardie, a member of an old French family which still exists and supplied peers of that kingdom up to the period of the Revolution, came over here with the Conqueror, he elected to settle in Devonshire; large tracts of land were given him, and for centuries the Bastards, of Kitley, lived and flourished in that fair county. About the middle of the eighteenth century, Captain Pownall, of Sharpham, who was a captain in his Majesty's Navy—a contemporary of the Pellew who was made Viscount Exmouth—commissioned Sir Joshua Reynolds to paint his and his wife's portraits, and for these he paid a hundred guineas, as set forth in Sir Joshua's receipt. This Captain Pownall had a daughter who married in 1780 Edmund Bastard, a second son, and that is how Sharpham of the Pownalls became the property of the Bastards, and also how the portrait of a Pownall is now owned by a Bastard.

Captain John Bastard, a well-known coaching man and a pillar of the Boodle's of his day, was a cornet in the Blues when her Majesty ascended the throne, and he sold the portrait of Mrs. Pownall, which I am assured is not so good a specimen as the one I reproduce, to the late Mr. Stirling Craufurd, husband of the Duchess of Montrose, for eight hundred guineas, so some idea may be formed of the value of the portrait of the Captain. Apart from its beauty as a portrait, the background of seascape is admirable, an unusual thing with Sir Joshua's work, I believe, and alone would make a charming little picture.

THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA.—Absolutely no ink, ink-duct, ink-table, ink-knives, rollers, rags, turps, set-off sheets, or any other printing accessories will be required on the printing-machine of the immediate future.

That was a legend that an ordinary printing-press threw off in rapid succession in the St. Bride's Institute last week, when the new machine which prints by electricity was on exhibition. The only difference you could see was that a sheet of a material like tinfoil is wound round the cylinder. The paper passed under it in the ordinary way, and came out printed—with no ink! What happens is that the paper is specially prepared with chemicals, and leaps to life by the passage of a current of electricity through the tinfoil—how, however, nobody knows. It is really wonderful.



CAPTAIN POWNALL.

By the way, have you ever been to St. Bride's Institute? It is a spacious new building at the back of St. Bride's Church (with which it has no connection, however), and is the cradle of the London compositor, as it were. That is appropriate, for Wynkyn de Worde, the industrious printer at the beginning of the sixteenth century, is buried in St. Bride's Church.

There is a nasty one for the "Celtic Circle" in last week's *World*, in which "A. C. D." writes—

Surely the Snow-White Bird makes melody sweeter
High in the air than skimming the clogging dust
(Yes, there's certainly something queer about this metre,
But, as it's Celtic, you and I must take it on trust).

A beautiful edition of "An Ideal Husband," by "the author of 'Lady Windermere's Fan,'" has just been issued by Mr. Leonard Smithers. Even he seems shy about the name of the author, who dedicates the edition to Frank Harris, as "a slight tribute to his power and distinction as an artist, his chivalry and nobility as a friend."

As an attraction to the jaded worker, the habitual quietude of the Temple, accentuated as this is by proximity to "the roar and hurry of the town," has been enhanced of late by the rich verdure of its lawn and the creeper-covered walls of several of the old buildings, while the shady foliage of the spacious limes, with the fountain playing close at hand, add to the charm of the retreat.

HOW WE WELCOMED ADMIRAL DEWEY AT COLOMBO



ADMIRAL DEWEY'S FAVOURITE DOG "BOB" AND CHINESE STEWARD.



ADMIRAL DEWEY'S SHIP, THE "OLYMPIA," IN COLOMBO HARBOUR.

The friendship of England and America was vividly emphasised at Colombo on June 22, when Admiral Dewey arrived there on board the "Olympia." The citizens presented an Address of Welcome, including a casket, to the Admiral, and, as Colombo is "the place where the tea comes from," 1000 lb. of tea to his crew. These excellent pictures were taken by Messrs. H. L. W. Skeen, of Colombo.



RECEPTION OF ADMIRAL DEWEY AT COLOMBO: THE ADMIRAL THANKS THE OFFICER COMMANDING IN CEYLON FOR THE GUARD OF HONOUR.

Yesterday was the anniversary of the Battle of the Nile. Elsewhere in this issue you will find an elaborate illustrated article dealing with the great Nelson painter, Mr. Davidson. What an enormous advance he has made upon the artist of 1814 who drew these quaint



THE BATTLE OF THE NILE AS CELEBRATED IN HYDE PARK IN 1814.

sketches of how London rejoiced over the victory! Ignorant of the fact that Waterloo still had to be fought, the British Government resolved that the peace which followed Napoleon's abdication in April, 1814, should be celebrated by a series of huge public fêtes in the chief London parks. Through one cause and another, however, many delays took place in the preparation of those fêtes, and eventually it became necessary to look around for some other event which might be commemorated in conjunction with the return of peace. That event was found in the centenary of the accession of the House of Brunswick to the British throne, and, to give the events of the day still greater chance of arousing popular enthusiasm, it was decreed that the anniversary of the Battle of the Nile should be emphasised at the same time. These, then, were the circumstances which conspired to make Aug. 1, 1814, a memorable day in the annals of British public rejoicings. Each of the three great parks of London had its own special attractions, but it is probable that the programme for Hyde Park proved the most attractive to the greater number. In the evening a naval battle took place on the Serpentine between barges flying the English and American colours respectively, and the shores of that familiar piece of water were so densely lined with people that many were forced to take an unexpected bath. The fact that a war with America was in progress in 1814 explains why the colours of America were chosen for the opposing barges, and also why those barges were predestined to defeat. The American fleet, indeed, was driven to the shore, and then destroyed in realistic fashion by means of a fire-ship. During the earlier hours of the day the crowd found plenty of amusement among the booths, shows, and gaming-tables, which to the number of four hundred were scattered over the park. Those same booths caused the officials no little trouble. Their keepers were ordered away on Saturday, Aug. 6, but they drew up a petition to be allowed to remain until the 12th. The authorities, however, were obdurate, and, as the shows were still in possession on Monday, they commissioned a strong force of police to forcibly clear the park on the following day.

Perhaps it is only natural that the awakening public interest in the East and its problems should draw attention to the great work of the Royal Asiatic Society. This year's anniversary meeting disclosed the very satisfactory condition of the Society's progress. It has an ever-increasing list of members, contrives to attract all the great scholars who study the ever-fascinating East, and boasts a library calculated to make every Orientalist break the Tenth Commandment. Not the least popular work done by the Society is the publication of translations of the rare



A PAGEANT ILLUSTRATING THE BATTLE OF THE NILE ON THE SERPENTINE, 1814.

manuscripts in the library. Eleven volumes have been published down to the present, and an ancient "Manual of Buddhist Ethics and Psychology," translated by Mrs. Rhys Davids, will go to press before the end of the year. The expense of productions that find only

the limited audience of scholars is, of course, very heavy; but the library of the Asiatic Society contains manuscripts of very great interest and value; their translation is a matter of necessity. The R.A.S. requires a Mæcenas who would give to the general reader the wisdom of the East hitherto locked up in manuscripts understood by the very few. Now that the peoples of the West are beginning to understand that the East has had rules and codes of life that were old in the days when Britons ran about their happy island in a costume mainly composed of woad, the East will be deemed worthy of the respectful study of which the R.A.S. has long been the pioneer. The work that the Society has accomplished is great, but it seems very little when compared with what remains to be done when the means are forthcoming.

A correspondent writes as follows—

In a recent issue, I notice you mentioned that the Rev. John Escreet, Curate of Hempstead Church, carved the reading-desk, lectern, and pulpit, and added, "There is probably no other church in the world of which it can be said that the pulpit is the actual handiwork of the minister who preaches from it." This is not correct, as the chancel-screen, reading-desks, and a very handsome cover, some ten feet in height, to the font of Gunby Church, in Lincolnshire, were carved entirely by the present Rector and patron, the Rev. Wilfrid Thorold, R.N.

To-day is the 799th anniversary of the death of William II. (Rufus). The fatal spot in the New Forest is marked by a stone bearing the inscription—

Here stood the oak-tree on which an arrow shot by Sir Walter Tyrrell at a stag glanced and struck King William the Second, surnamed Rufus, on the breast, of which he instantly died, on the second day of August, Anno 1100.



RUFUS WAS KILLED HERE 799 YEARS AGO.

Photo by R. Hadow.

We are approaching the season of the year when the countryman who has made up his mind to make a fortune in London prepares to leave the land. The exodus, such as it is, takes place in September, and a month's notice is given to terminate engagements at the end of the harvesting. At no other time do so many countrymen come up to London or the big towns near their home. Cheap excursions are still running from all centres, and in town during September there are often vacant places to be filled before the autumn season sets in. Unhappy Giles Chawbacon never realises that certain industrious strangers are well aware of his tendencies. A glance at country papers during August reveals a surprising number of vacant situations in town, and to secure one the applicant need do no more than pay a small preliminary fee to cover expenses. Giles is a safe person to cheat when his foot is no longer on his native heath. He does not know where to make a complaint, would walk a mile to avoid a Police Court, and never writes letters to the papers, partly because he cannot write. The countryman in town is a sad sight under any circumstances; the only sight more lamentable is that of the Cockney in the country.

Mr. John Hollingshead writes to me—

The "Mr. Cony" alluded to in your "Dogs on the Stage" was the Cony of "Cony and Blanchard," celebrated broadsword combatants and performers in melodrama (notably "The Forest of Bondy") with trained dogs. Broadsword combatting was a very necessary stage accomplishment in those days—the 'thirties. T. P. Cooke was a proficient, and so was John Douglass, the father of the Douglass Brothers. Few playbills were considered attractive without a combat. Trained dogs were another attraction. They were generally taught to seize a thong of a red leather band bound round the neck of a villain, and holding on to this were swung round the stage as long as the applause lasted. I once saw a dog-drama at Altona, near Hamburg, where a bulldog was used who insisted upon pinning the foot of the villain to the stage and spoiling the situation.

This is the cave in his garden at St. Petrocks, Llandudno, in which the ashes of Dr. Lawson Tait were placed, at his own request, after his body had been cremated. It was certainly a quaint idea; but, then, Dr. Lawson Tait was a man of striking individuality. Without entering



THE ASHES OF DR. LAWSON TAIT REPOSE IN THIS CAVE IN HIS GARDEN.
Photo by Draycott, Birmingham.

into any discussion on the question of burial, one is forced to the conclusion that cremation will get an impetus from the horrible desecration of cemeteries which has recently taken place; and the growth of big towns, side by side with an increased appreciation of the laws of sanitation, is bound to make the question of burial reformation, which is at present run by a few enthusiasts, more and more a matter for public regulation. In this movement it is only appropriate that doctors should lead the way.

Now that the pleasant little holiday of the Delegates at the Hague is concluded, I should like to clinch their endeavours in the direction of peace by calling my readers' attention to the Colt Automatic Gun. The action of this instrument is delightfully simple, but its effect deadly in the extreme. It is a machine-gun which is self-operating after one shot has been fired by hand, and will continue the motion as long as ammunition is supplied. I do not propose to be very technical, for various reasons; but I may mention that the force required to perform the several motions of firing, extracting, and loading is derived from the powder-gases, a portion of those from each discharge passing through a small vent in the bore near the muzzle and actuating the mechanism of the gun through the medium of a lever or pendulum. Thus, a feed-belt being entered in position, the gun loaded, and the first shot fired by hand, the energy derived from the explosion sets in motion the mechanism which extracts and ejects the empty case, moves the feed-belt along the required distance, withdraws a cartridge from the belt, places it in the chamber, closes the bolt on it, and fires. A very successful demonstration of the gun was given at Runnymede last week before the Duke of Cambridge. A battery of three guns was employed, beginning at twelve hundred and advancing to five hundred yards. The exhibition led one to sympathise a little with the unfortunate Filipinos, who made the acquaintance of the gun last year, but from the wrong end of the barrel.

The Battle of Bisley this year (writes a correspondent) has emphasised more than ever the superiority of the Scot at the target, though the Queen's Prize has gone to Guernsey. It is a marvel that the Metropolitan marksman can shoot at all, for in his case the getting to a shooting-range involves something like half-a-day's hard work. In travelling down to Tunbridge Wells the other day, I got into a compartment in which several hot and thirsty Cockneys were journeying to Oxted, some twenty miles from town, to do their shooting, and the general opinion seemed to be that the hardest and most distasteful part of Volunteering was the train-journey and half-an-hour's climb they had to put in for shooting purposes. It is difficult to see how this can be obviated, but certainly the Volunteers in Scotland and the rural districts of England have a tremendous pull on their Metropolitan comrades in the matter of ranges. In many Scotch and English districts a quarter-of-an-hour brings the marksman to the range, but the Cockney has three or four hours' journey, after several hours in his office or

workshop, and arrives at last too tired to be able to take full advantage of the means at his disposal. The wonder is that he can hit the target at all, let alone make a good show at Bisley against his more favoured rivals.

The marching of regiments through the Territorial Districts to stimulate recruiting still goes on. The 2nd Royal West Kent have had a pleasant march through the Hop County, being everywhere received with great enthusiasm, though the spokesman who alluded to their two hundred years' historic connection with Kent was a little at fault, for the old 97th were, till 1881, the "Earl of Ulster's," better known to Tommy as the "Celestials," from their sky-blue facings. This month, the 2nd Seaforths start from Fort George for a marching tour through their district; and, though this is of course more in the nature of a holiday trip than a recruiting tour, the London Scottish Volunteers started from London last Friday for Scotland for a week's march through its southern counties. They encamp each night, and their route lies through Selkirk, Roxburgh, Haddington, Berwick, and Midlothian—not a bad week's work.

When the new field-service cap was authorised for regiments other than Scottish, who fittingly retain the "Glengarry," it was probably not foreseen that any difficulty would arise as to how to wear it. But "Tommy" has his peculiar ideas, and, as the majority of the regiments chose to tilt it to one side, as is "the custom in the Army," certain Line battalions adopted the plan of wearing it straight on the top of the head, thus emphasising the *esprit* of the regiment at the expense of "smartness." So the Military authorities have issued directions as to the exact angle at which the cap is to be worn, and Mr. Atkins will in future have no choice in the matter, as the cap must be poised "one inch above the right eyebrow and one inch above the right ear." Thus, let the weather be what it may, hot or cold, only the right side of Tommy's head will be covered, for apparently the cap is not worn as a protection from the elements, but simply for smartness' sake. Though the great Napoleon is said to have termed us a "nation of shopkeepers," what can be more warlike and awe-inspiring than a cap several sizes too small perched on one ear? When war once threatened with Russia, and the Muscovite raised some thirty or forty new battalions, the British War Office, it is said, at once increased the width of the officers' braid. This new order as to "Tommy's" cap is possibly intended as a hint to the Boer, and it may be hoped that it will prove as efficacious as in the former case.

The 21st Lancers have again issued a double number of their excellent regimental magazine, the *Vedette* (its hundred-and-tenth number, by the way), which prints a list of every man who served in the Soudan campaign. There is a capital interview with a sheikh, Mohammed Monser, who rules five villages. He thought the government by the English perfection. That is encouraging for us.



THE COLT AUTOMATIC GUN IS THE LATEST INVENTION FOR DEALING DEATH.
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

The Bluecoat Boys with their delightful yellow stockings will soon cease to attract the passer-by in Newgate Street, who pauses a moment to peer through the railings and watch the lads, with their coats tucked into their belts, rushing after footballs and practising the gentle art of hockey; but it will probably be a long time before the custom of the boys delivering speeches at holiday-time will be abandoned. The speeches made last Wednesday were unusually good. Lord Rosebery's address, delivered on her Majesty's eightieth birthday, will probably pass into the school-books, for, as W. E. Parsons recited it, it became peculiarly effective. One boy recited "The White Man's Burden," which may possibly lose its vogue when the big brass trombone of Imperialism has become somewhat less strident.

I understand that the motor-car, introduced early in 1898, has been doing so well on some of the Edinburgh runs that about a dozen fresh cars have just been licensed. The Tramway Company has been looking askance at this progress of a rival, and sent a communication to the City authorities the other day asking them to limit the rate of speed—a matter, however, which rests with the Board of Trade. There are new motor-car works at Granton, while the directors of the Glasgow Exhibition of 1901 are making provision for exhibits of these vehicles, as well as for practical demonstration of their merits. Most of these cars are built in England under the Daimler patent, although Sir William Arrol is interested in a Glasgow firm for their manufacture.

The electric-cars have been a great success in the Isle of Man, and most visitors climb Snaefell now by this artificial aid. It is proposed to make the top of Ben Cleuch, the highest point in the Ochil range, Stirlingshire, accessible by means of an electric railway to its summit, from which, it is said, twenty-five towns and portions of twenty-five counties may be seen. It is proposed to build a sanatorium on the top should the railway be carried out.

Why should we allow the Americans to beat us in the format of books? Mr. Mosher, of Portland, Maine, at least, can do that. For instance, he has just issued a beautiful "vest-pocket" edition of Omar Khayyám, edited by Mr. Nathan Dole. It is delightfully printed on Van Gelder hand-made paper, and is done up in old-style blue-paper wrappers. And it costs only twenty-five cents. As an enthusiast for the book beautiful, I thank Mr. Mosher (though I feel sure the Macmillans won't):

I have just been reading a most interesting volume, by the Rev. James Smith, dealing with "A Pilgrimage to Italy," which has come out in six parts at a shilling each. Mr. Smith, who is minister of the parish of St. George's-in-the-West, Aberdeen, has already tried his skill as a cicerone with a book on Egypt. His "Pilgrimage to Italy" is very elaborately illustrated, and forms a complete *vade mecum* to Italy, with its multitudinous interests. Mr. Smith is industrious, intelligent, and interesting.

Mr. Joseph Hurst, so long and creditably connected with the Lyceum under Sir Henry Irving's management, has been engaged by Mr. Edward Terry as his representative in town during his provincial tour. It will be very pleasant to see Mr. Hurst's genial face again.

Mr. Murray Carson was at one time a young member of Mr. Wilson Barrett's company at the Princess's. Mr. Barrett, as you know, has been always in the habit of getting up performances by the junior members of his company, when he awards prizes for elocution. Mr. Murray Carson was one of these prize-winners, and was afterwards known as one of Wilson Barrett's "lucky bags." Mr. Carson is a great admirer of his former chief's cleverness in turning out good actors.

Mr. F. R. Benson gave an excellent performance of "As You Like It" in the gardens of Woodlands, Cork, belonging to Lady Arnott, the other day, appearing himself as Orlando. The performance was a great success and much appreciated by the audience.



W. E. Parsons.

THIS YEAR'S BLUECOAT BOY ORATORS.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.



"AS YOU LIKE IT," AS WE SHOULD ALL LIKE IT IN THE SUMMER-TIME.

Mr. F. R. Benson's company performing in the open air at Lady Arnott's place, Woodlands. Pictured by Guy, of Cork.



THE STATELY MISS JANETTE STEER AS PYGMALION.

Miss Steer, who has been photographed by Messrs. Downey, has recently distinguished herself by playing Hamlet. She deserved our thanks for having produced (as manageress of Terry's Theatre some years ago) that very clever play, "Gudgeons."



"ALASKA." AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE: A BACKWOODSMAN AT THE POST OFFICE.

There seems to be a run of what I should describe as the "drama of the horse," for not only has Mr. Fillis staged what the *Daily Telegraph* would call a "hippic pageant" to show "Savage South Africa" at Earl's Court, but a similar entertainment is now being given at the Alexandra Palace by Colonel Cody, who is a sort of "Buffalo Bill" in his way. The Colonel, whose locks remind me of Tristan or the other protagonists in the Wagner Cosmos, is an excellent pistol-shot, and has invented that most ingenious form of repeating-rifle which I dealt with last year. The little drama which he has constructed for the Alexandra Palace needs little explanation if you look at the pictures.

The log-cabin nestling amidst the trees is the home of the Cody family. The other cabin, bearing the sign "U.S. Post," stands in the open. The smoke curls lazily from the chimney, for it is early morn. Presently one of the Cody family comes with a letter, and rouses the sleepy Postmaster. Then Mr. Cody enters, with shouts and cracking of whips, driving two pack-mules laden with stores from market; they are unloaded at last.

Work finished, play begins. Everyone joins in the cowboy sports, which consist of shooting, rough-riding, lassoing, and picking up various objects from the ground while at full gallop. Meanwhile, Mrs. Cody prepares the midday meal under the shade of the trees. All sit down. An old trapper friend appears, and is invited to sup with them. They sit down, a jolly party. During the meal a nigger beggar approaches, looking the very embodiment of hunger and despair. He receives alms, and notes where the money is kept. He goes away, makes his bed

and one who reflects upon the idiosyncrasies of his fellow-men, the miller had certain well-defined points of view. The most interesting was his conviction that the race, so far as the country is concerned,



THE SETTLER PLACES THE DEAD BODY OF HIS WIFE ACROSS HIS HORSE.

must speedily degenerate. "Bread," said he, "is the staff of life, and when I was a boy, people ate their bread in its natural state—that is, brown. Now, I find that the people I supply with flour, the small bakers who supply the labouring classes, will not have the grain ground as it stands. The people will only eat white bread, and if it is not very white they grumble. The germ of the grain is thrown aside by much of the modern machinery—thrown aside and wasted. Since the Corn Laws were repealed and bread became cheap, the labouring classes have learned to depend on it; yet, of late years, since home-baking went out of fashion, they have deliberately sacrificed the best part." Of course, the miller may have exaggerated the case, but he was in earnest, and I have given the substance of his remarks. In the end, he asked me if white bread was used much in London, and when I told him a few facts about its manufacture, he declined to believe me.



THE MIDDAY MEAL IS PREPARED UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.
From Photographs by A. W. Davis, Wood Green.

In weather such as we have had, indoor life is practically impossible. At the same time, it is a difficult thing to get a suitable sort of chair to lounge in in the open. A most excellent make, however, is the Madeira wicker chair constructed by Messrs. Irven, of Love Lane, Liverpool. The foot-rest pulls out, so that you get a sort of wicker sofa. I need hardly say that this kind of chair is equally useful for the house, where it can be improvised as a bed. The price, twenty-four shillings, seems to me extraordinarily cheap.

"THE RETURN OF ULYSSES," AS PLAYED BY SCHOOLGIRLS.



ULYSSES RETURNS AS A BEGGAR TO HIS HOME.

A little play telling the story of the Return of Ulysses was performed by the girls at the Modern High School, St. John's Road, Penge, in aid of the Penge Provident Dispensary. The actors were all girls, ranging in age from four to sixteen.



PENELOPE AND IPHIGENE GROUPED WITH THE MUSES, ANGELS, AND STATUE OF MINERVA.

THE GORGEOUSNESS OF GORDON CASTLE.

A few miles from the mouth of the Spey, and almost within sound of its swift-flowing waters, stands Gordon Castle—a magnificent pile of building. The castle, though situated on a plain, commands an



GORDON CASTLE.

extensive view. As you approach, the eye is arrested by the massive quadrangular tower of six storeys, rising to the height of nearly ninety feet. This tower was built by George, second Earl of Huntly, and thus has weathered the northern blasts for more than four centuries. The Bog o' Gicht, or the "Windy Bog," was the name it bore till the title of Duke of Gordon was conferred on George, Marquis of Huntly, in 1684, when it began to be designated Gordon Castle. It was almost entirely rebuilt by Alexander, the fourth Duke, towards the close of last century. As it now stands, the main building adjoins the tower, and consists of four storeys, while spacious wings extend to the east and west, having galleries or arcades to connect with the main building, and forming altogether an imposing frontage of 568 feet, constructed throughout of Elgin freestone and the walls surmounted by battlements.

Plots of grass and flowers, shrubberies and trimly kept walks, extend far in front of the castle, and adjacent lies the great park—a level expanse of ten or twelve square miles, containing some of the finest trees in the North of Scotland, especially limes and sycamores. In an ample enclosure roams a large herd of fallow deer. This herd has been one of the attractions of Gordon Castle for more than a century. The amenity of the castle was much improved about a hundred years ago by the removal of the town and church of Fochabers to their present site. The old Town Cross still remains where it originally stood, and attached to it are the iron jugs by which offenders were fastened to the cross by the neck. The Quarry Gardens have been transformed into a lovely spot, with charming walks and flowers. Here also are preserved old carved stones brought from Huntly Castle, in Aberdeenshire, another seat of the family, which was burned after the Battle of Glenlivet, and rebuilt by the first Marquis of Huntly in 1602, but which ceased to be inhabited in the middle of last century. The interior of the castle is sumptuously furnished and adorned with paintings and statuary and innumerable deer's heads. In the hall is preserved the section of a fir-tree nineteen feet in circumference from the Duke's Highland forest of Glenmore.

George, fifth Duke of Gordon, having died in 1836 without issue, the Marquisate of Huntly devolved on his

cousin. The eldest sister of the last Duke of Gordon married the Duke of Richmond, who succeeded as heir of entail to most of the property. The present Duke of Richmond succeeded in 1860, and was created Duke of Gordon in 1876.

The history of the North of Scotland for the last four centuries is intimately associated with the house of Gordon. Mr. Grant of Laggan gives expression to a feeling that must often have found utterance in the home of the head of the Gordons—

"Oh, where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?"

"He's gone, with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done,
And my sad heart will tremble till he comes safely home."

The allusion in the song is to the Marquis of Huntly when he went to Holland, under Sir Ralph Abercromby, in 1799, as Colonel of the 92nd, or Gordon Highlanders; but the war-cry never reached the ears of the Gordons in vain. The first of the line, Lord Gordon, was in the "bloody Harlaw," and figured afterwards in the wars with France; the second Earl of Huntly was Lieutenant of the Northern parts of Scotland—no sinecure post in the fifteenth century; the third Earl was in command at Flodden, and was afterwards Lieutenant of all Scotland; the fourth Earl fought at Pinkie and fell at Corrichie, while his

son was beheaded at Aberdeen, Queen Mary witnessing his execution with many tears; the sixth Earl (the first Marquis) gained the Battle of Glenlivet; the second Marquis fought for the King, and was beheaded at Edinburgh, and his son was slain at the Battle of Alford. The second Duke proclaimed the Chevalier as King at Gordon Castle, and joined the rebels with two thousand men. The fourth Duke raised the 89th Foot on his estates, and the fifth Duke raised the 92nd, or Gordon Highlanders. The present Duke, too, has martial instincts, for he was formerly an officer in the Horse Guards. With such antecedents, few localities in Scotland present so appropriate a camping-ground for our Volunteer Army as Gordon Castle, or one more calculated to inspire noble or patriotic aspirations, and the extensive park has been much appreciated by the thousands who there assemble year after year.

Hospitality has ever been a conspicuous feature of Gordon Castle. "The Gudeman o' the Bog" was in ancient days the Highlanders' affectionate mode of designating their chief. "The Cock o' the North" expressed in later times the lordly power of the house of Gordon. The present Duke of Richmond and Gordon is a model landlord and is beloved by his numerous tenantry.

c.



GORDON CASTLE.

From Photographs by Stewart, Elgin.

A MARQUIS WHO IS A MARINER.

LORD GRAHAM (THE FUTURE DUKE OF MONTROSE) IS A MATE IN THE MERCANTILE SERVICE.

Heredity nearly always tells. It has certainly done so in the case of the Marquis of Graham, who celebrated his majority on May Day, and who is the eldest son of the Duke of Montrose. The "gallant Grahams" is one of those alliterative phrases which the Scotch love to coin and which has been tagged on to his family for centuries. The gallantest of them all was the first Marquis of Montrose, who (like the present Marquis of Graham) bore the name of James Graham. His campaigns in the days of the Covenanters still thrill readers of history; while his charming verses, beginning "My dear and only love, I pray," take their place beside the lyrics of Suckling and Herrick. The present Marquis of Graham has a dash of the old daring and a touch of the art of letters of his ancestor, for he has been to sea and is shortly to be examined for a yacht-master's certificate.

The "nobility" have long favoured the Navy, but rarely has a lord served in the mercantile marine. The most notable exception was the sixth Earl of Aberdeen, the present Earl's brother—for the Gordons are as gallant as the Grahams. After he succeeded to the title, Aberdeen went off to sea under the name of George Osborne, and was washed overboard in 1870, when serving as mate on board the packet *Hera*, while on a voyage from Boston to Melbourne. The present Earl of Egmont, while yet plain Mr. Perceval, was brought up on a training-ship (afterwards serving for some time in the London Fire Brigade).

But Lord Graham has taken to the sea in no freakish spirit, and at this moment he is writing a book on the pressing question of the manning of the mercantile marine. Writing in a morning paper on the Mercantile Jack subject, Mr. Clark Russell stated the Marquis's case, in these terms of *Telegraphese*—

This gallant and high-spirited young nobleman quitted the exalted social platform he adorns to enter the arena of human labour that, by personal experience, he might qualify himself hereafter to deal with what your able contemporary, the *Naval and Military Record*, affirms to be the gravest national question of the century. Such virtues of sympathy and humanity are, to use the language of that sweet and gentle genius, Sir Henry Wotton, "more precious than the most glorious triple diadem."

An occasional contributor to *The Sketch* says: "Lord Graham is a fine, modest, manly youth, tanned by sea and sun, and having the frank, pleasant manner of a sailor, full, moreover, of enthusiasm for his profession and sympathy with Jack, on whose troubles he is writing. As Lord Graham tempers his sympathy for the sailor with common sense and a shrewd idea of where the shoe really pinches, his pamphlet should prove valuable. Meanwhile, his nautical career must be noticed. On leaving Eton in 1895, he struck out quite an original career by joining

H.M.S. *Volage*, a training-ship for boys, where he remained for a year and a-half, and then, after some yachting in the Mediterranean, went in H.M.S. *Melpomene* to India on an expedition lasting from October 1897 to April 1898, to observe the solar eclipse. In these ships he had sufficiently mastered seamanship and navigation to join Messrs. Devitt

and Moore's vessel the *Hesperus* as a junior mate, in which capacity he served from November last year till the end of last June, visiting while in her Australia."

The instinct for writing is necessarily strong in Lord Graham, for not only is he descended from the poet-soldier Marquis of the seventeenth century, but he has a dash of the blood of the wonderful Sheridans in him, as you will note by the table given at the end of this page. The Sheridan connection goes far back, for not only did his great-aunt, the radiantly beautiful Miss Caroline Callander, marry the son of the author of "The School for Scandal" (becoming the mother of three glorious graces, the Duchess of Somerset, Lady Dufferin, and the Hon. Mrs. Norton), but his maternal grandmother (Lady Jane St. Maur) was also half a Sheridan.

The Sheridan strain comes out strongly, as everybody knows, in the present Marquis of Dufferin, who, curiously enough, began his literary career (exactly forty years ago) with the sea, for his "Letters from High Latitudes," dealing with a yachting cruise to Iceland and Spitzbergen, was published in 1859, while he has also edited with great charm the beautiful and pathetic ballads of his mother. Lord Dufferin's son, Basil, preserves the artistic instincts of his house, for he is a very clever caricaturist and has illustrated some volumes of nonsense verse. It

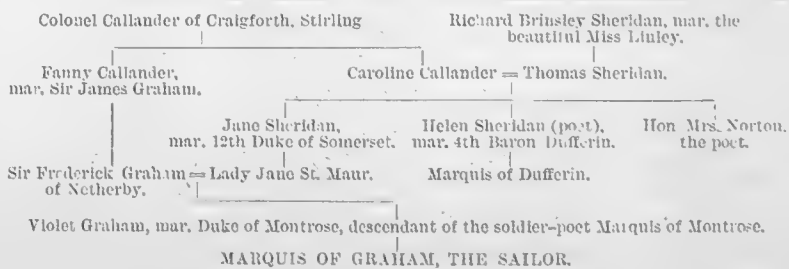
will be noted that this maritime Marquis's father and mother are both of them Grahams. His aunt, Sibyl, was the first wife of the present Lord Crewe.

J. M. B.



THE MARQUIS OF GRAHAM AS JUNIOR OFFICER OF THE SHIP "HESPERUS."

Photo by Freemantle and Co., Ltd., Sydney.



HOW THE MARQUIS OF GRAHAM IS DESCENDED FROM THE SHERIDANS.

CORYDON AND THE CAMERA.

From Photographs by M. Stebbing, of Paris.

In powdered wig and silken hose,
Young Corydon as suitor kneels,
To offer Phyllis fair the rose
That in its tender tint reveals
The colour of his beating heart,
Which Cupid shivered with a dart.

But Phyllis coyly hesitates;
She may—she can't—she won't—she will,
The while her patient lover waits,
With all his heart a-beating still.
For Doubt itself suggests a chance
Of waking up the rare romance.

His face is fair: his eyes are blue;
He kneels a suppliant at her feet;
And surely must his heart be true.
Thus, with a smile serene and sweet,
She gently takes the proffered rose—
And ends his hopes and fears and woes.

Then Corydon pursues his suit
With tender touch and facile phrase,
While Phyllis, for the moment mute,
With eyes cast down before his gaze,
Listens to the tale of love lifelong,
To echo the immortal song. . . .

How often Watteau limned the pair,
And won the praise of many pens!
But disillusion's in the air,
And here they pose before the lens.
Yet Phyllis in her rich brocade
Is Phyllis still—in tailor-made.

Be sure we love her just the same
As in the days of yore, when we
Were wont to play the wooing game
In buckled shoon, on bended knee.
The Heart that loveth is still a Heart
In all the divers dreams of Art.

J. M. B.



ROME



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE YACHT "HOORN."

A COWES YARN.

BY ARTHUR T. PASK.

Lower-sails set in Dover Harbour, that staunchly built cruiser the *Hoorn* is in the open. The old yachtsman's friend, the funnels-abreast *Lady Vita*, has towed her out. An easterly breeze has been whistled for, and here it is.

"Hoist after-sail! Let go tow-rope! Port your helm!" The master sets his course for the man steering.

"A good easter this," says he, as he lights his first cigar. A hand was at the halliards of the red-crossed-on-blue burgee of the New York Club. A breeze had sprung up now and blown away the morning haze.

The skipper looked up as the bunting fluttered like a wounded bird. "A good owner, this Mr. Vanderloopen," he said, "but with cranks. What should he want to have the saloon lined with old teak breakage from Anstie's yard for? Why should he want to buy a mouldering buoy for his rater moorings in the Medina? Yet, when they cleaned the bally thing up, the clamps were found to be silver. P'raps he noticed the metal, being in the silver-mine way—not above a smart little deal. But, no—he is a gentleman and a good fellow."

The American girl, the owner's daughter, was up on deck betimes. Of course, someone was standing with her. Perhaps, if the someone had not risen with the sun, she would not have been there. He was a good-looking young fellow, with a somewhat stern-cut face. Since the days of khaki, Kipling, and the Frontier fights, our soldiers have come to look the most so of any from Finland to Messina Straits. Still, his face lit up pleasantly as he smiled.

"The early bird catches—the breeze," he said, and then glanced at the pretty face beside him.

"How clear it has turned all of a sudden! Grisnez is quite plain. I am like Grisnez, and am seen early this morning."

"Only not, as you say, as plain as Grisnez."

"Now, that is very pretty of you, and yet I ought not to look as lovely as Aurora, for I have been dreaming all the night. You know, to begin with, I don't believe in dreams. One shouldn't have dreams, Captain George."

The young man smiled, and then sighed.

"We are sometimes foolish enough to have them, all the same."

There was a faint suggestion of something in what he said which caused the girl to blush slightly, though far from angrily.

"Well, first of all," she began, holding up a pretty little forefinger, "first of all, I thought I saw something like a naval battle. The men had on steel morion things. And do you know that I thought one of them was exactly like yourself? Only, why should you be in fancy-dress and not in uniform? Then I thought we were almost where we are now, only a storm was on. There were odd-looking ships all huddled up together. Then two ships appeared to be fighting a duel quite alone. Then more ships fighting."

"Why, you must have been dreaming of the Spanish Armada."

"Yes," said the girl; "I've been reading 'Westward Ho.' One of the ships in the duel was quite close to me. It flew a great flag with a white ground and red cross, and there was another with—"

"A blue dolphin on a yellow ground?"

As he spoke, the girl jumped up off her seat in astonishment.

"It was the ship's-flag of one of my people. My mother must have been talking to you about it when you were at Westerton."

The girl shook her head.

"There's more in it than we know of in our philosophy, Horatio—I mean, Captain Drake. Then there was a whispering in my ear of some doggerel. I can remember it—

St. Sebastian floats, and never will be found,
On water, not on sea, and nigh to the ground.

What rubbish! and why should I remember it?"

"I can remember it," answered the young soldier. "The words are written in the old Book of Prayers which my ancestor carried with him to the Caracas. I did see my mother show you that. But let us forget dreams."

The girl laughed. It was a morning to forget dreams—one of those mornings when the light waves seem to dance from very joyousness. They were passing the Varne Lightship to port.

"Fancy, half-past seven only, and talking sentiment already, Captain Drake! 'This is not moonlight on an Upper Thames houseboat.'"

"One can't help being sentimental, however foolish it may be. You remember that evening at Cairo? Oh dear!"

"Do you mean," said Miss Elsie, "because you say 'Oh dear!' that life is not worth mentioning, or that the word 'dear' is addressed to myself?"

"Oh dear——!" Then he saw that in the girl's eyes and soft quiver of the pretty lips, half-smiling, half-tearful, which was the plainest of unspoken language. They were 'mid-ships; the skipper was talking to the man at the wheel. He risked it, and took the girl in his arms.

"George, dear George!" she said, and then laughed. "Fancy my being kissed; what is more, you've never really proposed to me."

He made his proposal dumb fashion.

They had not noticed that Mr. Vanderloopen had come on deck.

"I don't believe I've got three hundred a-year besides my pay."

"You are very nice, George, but dreadfully prosaic; but—father!"

Strangely enough, the American had not noticed them. In his hand he held a copy of the *Globe*. He only murmured his morning greeting.

"How is this accountable?" he said, and then read from a paragraph:

"An odd form of outrage is occurring this regatta-time in the Medina. Two mooring-chains have been cut, and the buoys have either been stolen or drifted out into the Solent. One of them was that of the 5-rater *Mayflower*, the property of Mr. Vanderloopen."

"Then that odd little buoy you bought at Anstie's has gone," said the girl to her father.

"No, quite by accident, it is aboard now. I never sent it."

Dungeness, with its squat lighthouse. Through the Fairlight Channel. The Royal Sovereign to port. Lunch, and then the cigar, and the looking-up to Beachy Head. And now it's nine o'clock, and the sun has gone down. The red and white lights of the Owers are twinkling alternately. The passage on the good easter had been splendid. Little enough of "take in spinnaker-gybe O!" The *Hoorn* did her eight knots quite steadily.

"What's that?" asks the owner, pointing to the light out at starboard.

"Nab, Sir. You've seen it from Ryde before now, sir."

"Aye, aye."

The young soldier was pacing the quarter-deck with his host. Presently the senior spoke out—

"As to this affair with my daughter, I cannot quite say that I disapprove or approve. Money's a small matter to me now. But I like you. So, my boy, let it rest for a while—say, till our cruise is over. Yet, I am not altogether certain that our forbears have not come together in this world before now."

"Why, I could repeat the lines from the old letter we have at Westerton—

"Aboard the sloop was one Dutchman, Loopen, who at the fight of Santa Cruz proved himself to be both stout and valiant. He with me boarded the pearl curacke."

"That is so," said the American musingly, and held out his hand in friendly fashion, which the other grasped in the dark. "There's an odd bit of doggerel on the back of the letter—

St. Sebastian floats, and never will be found,
On water, not on sea, and nigh to the ground."

Mr. Vanderloopen stopped short. Then he went on again: "If my mind does not deceive me, my old grandmother once repeated something of the kind to me in the old house in Albany. Well, well, let us not have too many mysteries. We're getting on. Yes, there's the red and white of the Fort. By the way, I've had a letter forwarded to me from Cowes, from a Spanish fellow, one de Montauban. Well, he can turn up and we can turn in."

Young Drake awoke from a feverish sleep. There was the pattering of feet on the deck above. "Lower fore-tops'l! Mains'l. . ."

The *Hoorn* luffed up; her anchor ran out. She was swinging round on the tide. She had fetched up opposite the Squadron by Egypt Point.

On the deck of the *Hoorn*, la belle *Américaine* was already strolling. She was holding a glass to her eyes, and looking eastward.

"That's the Princess," she said to young Drake. "She always comes down on her bike. But, George, what did father say to you last night?"

"He neither said 'yes' nor 'no,' but kept back his answer until the cruise was over."

"Then he means 'yes,' dear, for he can always say 'no' when he chooses. He is not stupid like I am."

"'Tis folly to be wise. There are the bells striking on the *Britannia*, and here is Mr. Vanderloopen."

Breakfast had been laid beneath the white silk awning on the after-deck. The hunting from a hundred ports fluttered in the brisk breeze. Royalty, giving up the cares of State, was sailing about in its son's rater smoking a big cigar, and looking as cheerful as if there were no such penance as the laying of foundation-stones in the world.

"I see my Spanish friend is coming," said the American. "Rather an impertinence breaking in on one's day's sport."

The wash of a launch alongside. The visitor had come aboard. The American, with cool courtesy, pointed to a deck-chair.

"I have taken the liberty of coming to see you, as I wanted to see, sir, your saloon that Mr. Anstie spoke so much of. It is lined with teak, I believe?"

"It is a wood that looks like teak. It was taken from a stack of breakage. The woodwork over the mantel-shelf I picked out myself. There was some sort of lettering on it. There was a 'J,' and I could clearly make out an 'M' and 'N,' and then an 'I' further on."

"J,' 'M,' and 'N,'" said Drake, "and then an 'I' further on. 'Je Maintiendrai'—the motto of the House of Orange. The timbers must have come from an old Dutch craft."

The Spaniard nodded; but there was, for all that, an eager glint in his dark eyes.

THE GLORIOUS SPANISH DANCER, GUERRERO.

From Photographs by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



"I wonder how it all got into Anstie's yard. Mr. Jones!" he called aloud to the skipper. "Mr. Jones, did you ever hear any old-world yarn about that teak-stack in Anstie's yard?"

"The Ansties built boats at Barksca, so I've heard tell, sir, before Queen Elizabeth's time. There is some story about that wood. I heard my grandfather say that his father said it came from the wreckage of a Dutchman on the Red Sand—that they managed to float the thing off, and then it was broke up afterwards. I think I've heard him tell that the buoy was aboard it."

"But what should they want with a buoy aboard such a craft? It's only fit for a small mooring."

One of the hands, a smart young seaman, was standing at a respectful distance, but listening, all the same. He was burning to say something. The skipper looked towards Mr. Vanderloopen, who beckoned the man forward.

"I was going to say, gentlemen, that there's nothing wonderful in a Dutchman having this here thing with him. I hail from Tyneside, and you know, gentlemen, that, up North, in families there's what they call 'lucks.' Sometimes the 'luck' is a glass cup, and you mustn't break it. Sometimes it's an old sword. I've been up Texel, and Harlingen, and them ports pretty frequent. When I was sailing with Lord Summers on the *Zuider Zee*, we boarded a 'pink' that actually had a wooden cat, painted green, with a red tongue—it wasn't an idol, that wasn't, it was a 'luck.'"

There was a general laugh.

"I should much like to see this curious buoy," said de Montauban.

"Get them to bring it from forward," said the American.

The buoy was only about three feet in diameter and three feet lengthways.

"It's made of Spanish mahogany," said the skipper.

The Spaniard took off his Panama with much solemnity.

"I know, sir, that it is somewhat of a liberty, but I am a collector of marine objects; indeed, I have a museum at Malaga. Might I be permitted to be a purchaser, if I do not intrude and take liberty?"

"Let me tell you, sir, that I most certainly do regard you as an intruder. What I buy, sir, I buy to keep. I hope our interview is ended. We Americans are still occasionally gentlemen." And Mr. Vanderloopen put an overmuch emphasis on the last word of his speech.

The Spaniard caught the covert insult, and was on his feet in an instant.

But the other had turned his back, taking no notice of the Spaniard, who shook his fist and showed his white teeth.

All Cowes had been to fetch its letters—the gallant noble, who has taken up yachting as a somewhat latter-day sport; the smart, moustached peer, who runs a rater with Royalty, boasts an ancestry of Admirals, and is ever and again in everything on the Solent; the smart, clean-shaven military man, and the ladies of steam-yachts and houseboats. And here by round-cut shrubs, or 'neath the shading beeches of the Castle Garden, Beauty saunters, smiles, and laughs softly. And the freights of launches, the most illustrious of the world of the mode, and of work, make their way to the platform. There is none such other Vandy Fair as that overlooking the anchored Squadrons of white-winged luxury, no such crowd as that which condescends to listen to the banjo-thumping and the humours of Mr. Squash, the immortal among pseudo-niggers.

Drake had sailed the five-rater, the *Sheldrake*, for the American, who, when the gun was fired from the Castle Garden, actually threw away his cigar. He had even used his binocular to see her round the Lepe Middle and the Bramble and back to Lightship Point. The *Sheldrake* had made a good second, so, as a man who took up a sport as he might have bought a bit of Chippendale, he was fairly satisfied.

But it was night-time now, and the twinkling reds and greens of the tiny electrics threaded and darted through the fleet. The steamers ran into the Medina and the usual "Haul up your dingy!" and the usual flow of bad language followed.

Cowes Night! The glare of the rocket showers which show the very colours of the bunting. The spars, starting into sudden light, seem to pierce the darkness with a needle-like sharpness. A pretty face above the bulwarks flashes into sight like a falling star.

They were standing forward—the girl, the young man, and the father. The skipper was near them. He was speaking in his usual quiet way—

"The man must be more or less bereft, sir. Why he poisoned himself, no one knows. Why he should come to see you, no one knows. He wasn't exactly a real Spaniard, but came from the Argentine." He was a speculating man. They found a heap of those Hamburg Lottery things about him. There was a stockbroking gentleman at the hotel who knew him in town. He said the Spaniard told him that, if he could get something he wanted, he would be able to astonish the world. They found in his room quite half-a-dozen prints of that saint who was shot with arrows—there's a picture of him in the National Gallery."

"St. Sebastian?" said Drake.

"Aye, that's it, sir."

Said Vanderloopen, "That silly doggerel comes to my mind—

St. Sebastian floats, and never will be found,
On water, not on sea, and nigh to the ground.

And I was always hearing from my people some old-world yarn about a treasure."

"And so have I," said Drake; "but, then, we're a family of pirates and plunderers. In that very paper where your name is mentioned

there's something about a creek in the Caracas and a treasure; but why, after all, did that Spaniard want the buoy?"

A voice came out of the darkness. It was that of the young hand who had spoken in the morning. "Supposing it was a 'luck' that he wanted to get back again."

Something seemed to strike the American in an instant.

"Bring up a couple of the electric lamps," he said, "and the cold chisel and mallet, and the small tool-box, and fetch that buoy here."

It was an odd group that stood on the deck. The American was kneeling down, and with mallet and chisel cut through the silver clamps. When the third band was released, the strange toy, for such it was, opened—a spring had been released.

"The treasure," said Drake.

But all that was there was a tarnished silver-framed picture.

"It's what the Russians call an 'obrayze,'" said the skipper, "and what Richards says is right enough. It may have been the 'luck' of the Spaniard's family."

"At any rate, the centuries meet around it," said Vanderloopen. "Our folks, Drake, years ago, fought against the Armada side by side, and captured the Spaniard's 'luck' from him, not knowing what it was. And this bit of trumpery wood and trumpery saintliness, which I shall throw overboard, for I hate long-winded superstitions, was kept by my folk. I suppose some remote de Montauban, who tortured Indians and shivered at the thought of the Lima Inquisition, kept his treasure and 'luck' afloat. But the treasure's gone. No matter. You young folks have met, as our forbears met. And here's the up-to-date electric light, and here's the out-of-date Spaniard's Mumbo-Jumbo. I like a new world and new things. You can kiss Miss Elsie, Drake, if you like, before the crew. Skipper, there's a nice puff of easter blowing. Up anchor, hoist sail! Throw the rubbish overboard, all of it. I'm out of this."

And, like a giant white spectre, the *Hoorn* slid out from the Solent.

THE VERSATILE LORD ROSEBERY.

In the dainty volume of "Appreciations and Addresses" by Lord Rosebery, which Mr. John Lane has published, one of the most piquant men of our time is revealed in a variety of aspects. The politician only appears incidentally, but here may be seen the bookish, the literary, the sporting, the witty Lord Rosebery. As to the responsibility for the volume, all that need be said, according to the editor (Mr. Charles Geake), is that Lord Rosebery "undoubtedly made the speeches." There has been some speculation as to whether he revised them. It was stated in the copyright action raised by the *Times* that the editor had access to a volume of reports in Lord Rosebery's own possession, but it is not known whether there was a revised version available of all the addresses. The selection is undoubtedly the editor's. If it had been the author's, Nonconformists would have complained of the inclusion of the speech to the Gimcrack Club. In their eyes the speech mars the beauty of the volume. Yet the advice which it contains might commend it to enemies of horse-racing. "If I am asked," says Lord Rosebery, "to give advice to those who are inclined to spend their time and their money on the 'Turf, I should give them the advice that *Punch* gave to those about to marry—'Don't.'"

It is in this speech also that he minimises his own connection with the sport. "I very seldom go to races," he confesses, "and if I go to see a particular race, I usually arrive not long before the race takes place and go very soon after it has taken place." One might say of Lord Rosebery's example in this respect what he says of Burns's dissipation: "None will be turned to it by his example; he paid too dearly for it." He shows his fine sympathy in dealing with the weaknesses of Burns, and there is nothing more eloquent in the book than his allusion to the funeral at Dumfries—

Pass, heavy hearse, with thy weary freight of shattered hopes and exhausted frame; pass, with thy simple pomp of fatherless bairns and sad moralising friends; pass, with the sting of death to the victory of the grave; pass, with the perishable, and leave us the eternal.

There is much that is worthy of preservation in the essays with which the volume opens on Burke, "the prose Poet-Laureate of Whiggery," but surely the speeches on golf at the end are an anti-climax. Out of these speeches the humour, such as they had, has fizzled long ago. It used to be said that Lord Rosebery and "A. K. H. B." were the only great Scotchmen who did not play golf. Dr. Boyd is dead and the noble lord alone remains to scoff. He says that Burke's eulogy on Charles Fox in his speech on the India Bill was perhaps the noblest tribute ever paid in eloquence by one politician to another. Very noble also is Lord Rosebery's own tribute, which is given here, to "the pure, the splendid, the dauntless figure of William Ewart Gladstone." The tribute honours him who pays it as well as him to whom it is paid. In these speeches one can detect many allusions in which the orator seems to be thinking of himself. Referring to Burke's dismissal from Bristol, Lord Rosebery says Burke would never have left it of his own accord, "for he well knew the strength and power that is given to a public man when he stands forward, not on his own merits, but as the representative of a great public constituency." Thus does the greatest of our Liberal peers hanker pathetically after the House of Commons! "There is not, perhaps," he says elsewhere, "too much happiness in the life of any statesman." One of the main sources of Mr. Gladstone's happiness was, he thinks, his bookishness. It may be conjectured also that the happiness which Lord Rosebery misses in politics may come to him from the variety of interests which gives so much charm to his "Appreciations and Addresses."

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE WAS FOUGHT 101 YEARS AGO.

NELSON'S CAREER STANDS OUT GLORIOUSLY IN THE CANVASES OF MR. THOMAS DAVIDSON.

Yesterday was the hundred-and-first anniversary of the Battle of the Nile, which placed Nelson for the first time in the ranks of the peerage, for on Nov. 6, 1798, he was created Baron Nelson of the Nile and of Burnham Thorpe, in his native county of Norfolk. As the years vanish, Nelson becomes increasingly our only hero, and at a time when Egypt is of so much import to the two Great Powers who fought it all out a hundred-and-one years ago, Nelson was never of more interest.

No man living has done more to bring Nelson down to the notice of the man in the street than Mr. Thomas Davidson, who is represented in this year's Academy by a striking picture, "The Burial of Admiral Drake at Sea." It was the dream of Mr. Davidson's boyhood to put the immortal story of Trafalgar on canvas. He read with avidity several books dealing with the life and times of Nelson, and to-day he is one of the best authorities on the historical incidents in the Nelson period.

Mr. Davidson first studied art under the two Whichelos, and at the School of Art at Marlborough House before it was turned into the present royal residence. He also studied at Heatherley's, and afterwards entered the Royal Academy School, where he remained for seven years, gaining two silver medals. In Paris he shared a studio with the late Mr. Claud Lathrop, and attended M. Bonnat's atelier. His first Royal Academy picture was published in 1863, and since then he has been a frequent exhibitor at Burlington House and at most of the large provincial art galleries. The Langham Club, the oldest of its kind in existence, claims him as a thirty-years' member.

It was only a few years ago, however, that Mr. Davidson conceived the idea of painting a series of large pictures illustrating the most important and dramatic episodes in Nelson's career.

The first of these, a fine engraving of which was bought by the German Emperor on his last visit to England, was entitled "Nelson's Last Signal—England expects that Every Man will do his Duty." Strange to say, this was actually the first time this important subject had ever been represented on canvas. The artist, in order to treat his subject as realistically as possible, made sketches on board the old *Victory* at Portsmouth, and sought the details of costume among the best authorities. The picture shows the scene on the poop of the *Victory* upon the ever-memorable Oct. 21, 1805. The day, about noon, is bright and fine, the sun shining upon the combined fleets of France and Spain,

which are seen lying in a half-crescent upon the distant horizon. The British fleet is divided into two columns. The whole width of the foreground of the picture is occupied by the poop-deck, upon which is skilfully grouped an animated throng. The moment chosen for illustration is when Nelson has ordered the famous signal to be run up. The Admiral is standing on the deck, facing the spectator; Lieutenant Pascoe, speaking, trumpet in hand, is watching the order he has just given being carried out. Upon the right are Captain Adair, who was killed during the action, in full uniform of the Royal Marines; Mr. Scott, the secretary, who was also killed, examining some documents; and Captain Prowse, of the *Sirius*, watching the distant fleets of France and Spain through his telescope. In the bows of the vessel the men of the crew are busy unlash the anchor. The faces of the officers are painted from original portraits, and scrupulous accuracy has been attained in the delineation of every detail of uniform, and every minute particular of rigging, of ship's appurtenances, and seamanship.

The second great picture of the series is called "Horatio Nelson's First Footing in the Navy, Chatham 1771." A capital view is shown of the old Royal Dockyard. When Nelson got on board the *Raisonné*, his uncle, Captain Suckling, was not on the ship, nor had any person been apprised of the boy's coming. He paced the deck the whole day without being noticed by anyone, and it was not till the second day that somebody, as he expressed it, "took compassion on him." The picture shows a couple of impressed men being brought on board, and a lieutenant in charge of the ship is having his attention drawn to the boy by an old sailor.

"Trafalgar—Nelson Mortally Wounded," the third of the series, attracted crowds around it at the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1894. It represents Nelson, after receiving the fatal wound, being carried down the ladder, between the middle and lower decks, on the way to the cockpit.

The fourth scene is, perhaps, one of the grandest in the whole career of the great commander. The title is "Westminster Abbey or Victory—Nelson at the Battle of St. Vincent." Commodore Nelson is boarding the Spanish *San Josef*, of one hundred and twelve guns. The *San Josef*, having fallen broadside of the already captured *San Nicolas*, eighty guns, Nelson immediately gave orders for boarding that ship from the *San Nicolas*, he himself leading the way and exclaiming, "Westminster Abbey or victory!" Captain Barry assisted him into the main-chains, and at that moment a Spanish officer looked over the quarter-deck rail and said they surrendered.

The fifth picture, entitled "Nelson at the Battle of Copenhagen, 1801," shows the hero, after four hours' sanguinary fight, sealing a letter to the Crown Prince of Denmark. This letter eventually brought about an armistice, and prevented further carnage of the Danes, who surrendered to the victorious English.

The sixth scene depicts "The Battle of the Nile." Nelson was severely wounded in the head, and, to the astonishment of everyone, he appeared on the quarter-deck and gave orders that boats should be sent to the relief of the enemy. The *Orient* was on fire, and blew up with a tremendous explosion.

"The Evening before the Battle of Copenhagen" is the seventh of the series, and was exhibited in last year's Royal Academy. The officers are at supper, and Nelson, in the presence of Admiral Graves, Captains Foley, Hardy, Fremantle, Rion, Colonel Stewart, and a few others, is drinking to the success of the ensuing day.

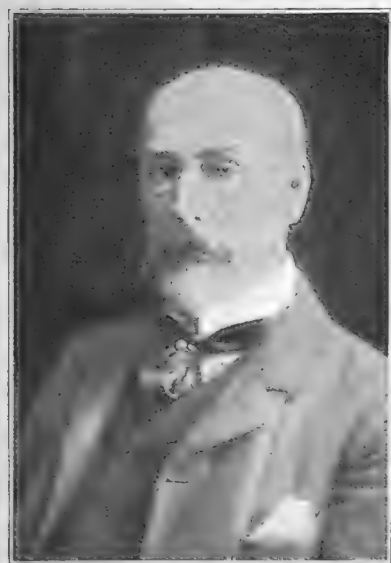
The series is not yet complete, as Mr. Davidson contemplates painting at least two other Nelson subjects. He was commissioned to do the

frontispiece for Lord Charles Beresford's "Nelson and His Times," and many other of his historical paintings are well known, notably his "Romans in Britain," "Cromwell at Whitehall," "Death of Sir James Douglas," &c.

Although Mr. Davidson's brush is never idle, he manages to find time to take an interest in many subjects outside his art, one of his hobbies being the collection of ancient armour, and his studio, at 101, Greencroft Gardens, West Hampstead, contains some very fine specimens. A few of these are illustrated in the photographs which accompany this article, and include some rare examples of old

helmets, engraved breast- and back-plates, shields, Elizabethan weapons, and an uncommon "spider" helmet. Mr. Davidson is a member of the Kernoozer's Club, which peculiarly named body was formed some few years ago for the study and preservation of genuine ancient armour and weapons.

LOUISA SAMSON.

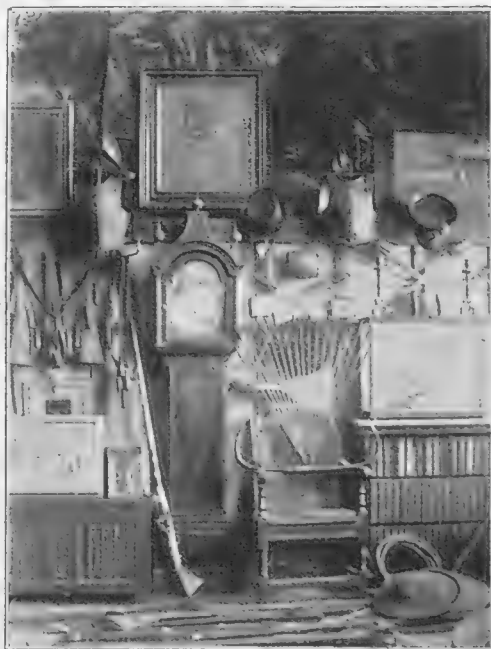


MR. DAVIDSON.

Photo by Heath Hariland, St. John's Wood.



A CORNER IN MR. DAVIDSON'S STUDIO.



A CORNER IN MR. DAVIDSON'S STUDIO.



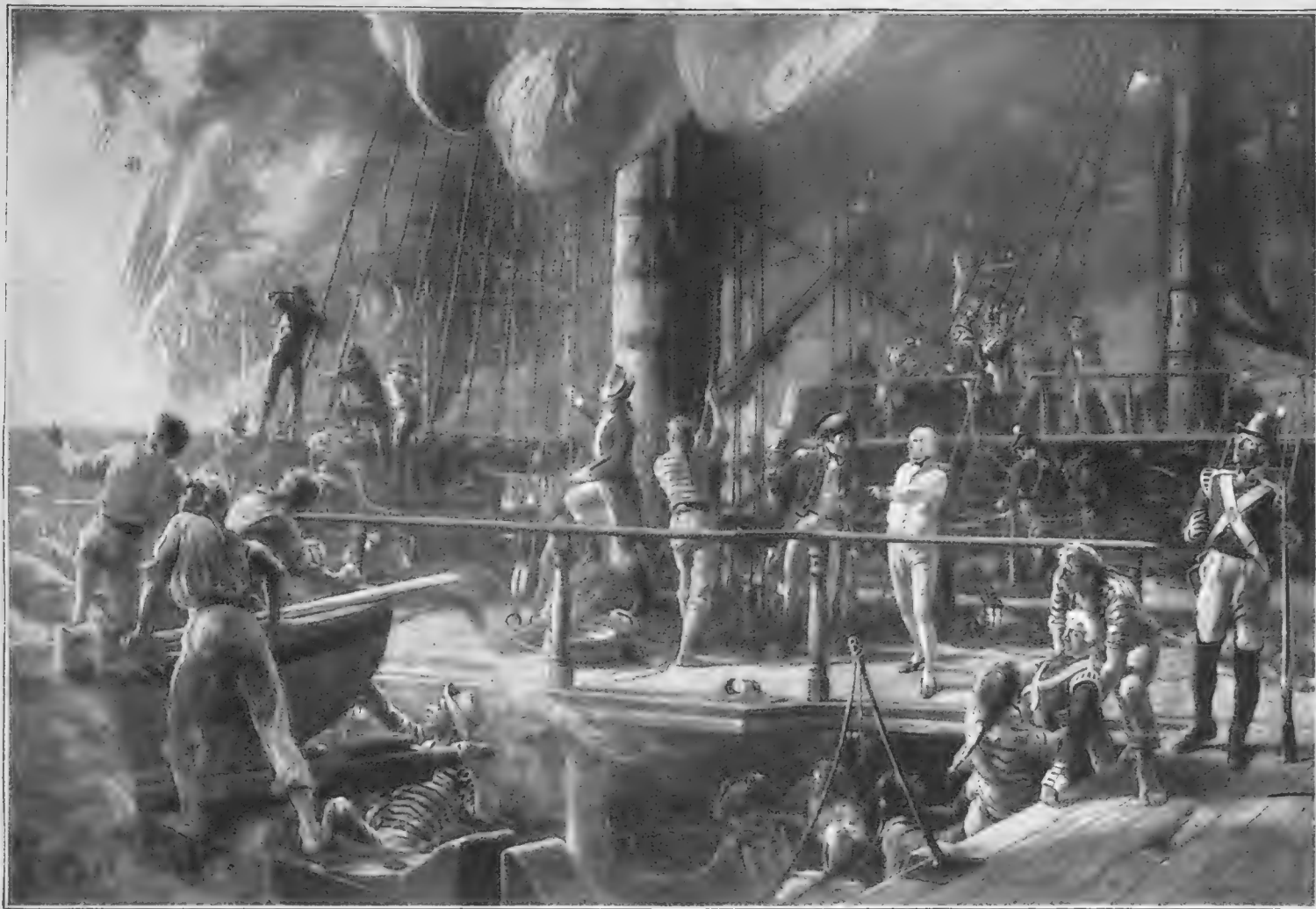
THE EVENING BEFORE THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.—PAINTED BY MR. DAVIDSON.

Nelson sat down to table with Admiral Graves, second in command, and Captains Foley, Hardy, Fremantle, Rion, Colonel Stewart, and a few others. Nelson drank to the success of the ensuing day (April 1, 1801), and the officers separated with feelings of admiration for their great leader and with anxious impatience to follow him to the approaching battle. This picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy of 1893.



NELSON'S FIRST FOOTING IN THE NAVY, CHATHAM, 1771.—PAINTED BY MR. DAVIDSON.

When he got on board, Captain Suckling was not in the ship, nor had any person been apprised of the boy's coming. He paced the deck the whole remainder of the day without being noticed by anyone, and it was not till the second day that somebody, as he expressed it, "took compassion on him."



THE BATTLE OF THE NILE, 1798.—PAINTED BY MR. DAVIDSON.

Nelson was severely wounded in the head, and, to the astonishment of everyone, he appeared on the quarter-deck and gave orders that boats should be sent to the relief of the enemy when *L'Orient* caught fire and blew up with a tremendous explosion. The victory, which was most complete, said Nelson, was not a name strong enough for such a scene; he called it a conquest. *L'Orient* was stocked in the hold with hundreds of gunpowder-barrels for the French Army in Egypt.



"WESTMINSTER ABBEY OR VICTORY!": NELSON AT THE BATTLE OF ST. VINCENT, FEB. 14, 1797.—PAINTED BY MR. DAVIDSON.

This picture shows Nelson, then a Commodore on the *Captain* (74 guns), boarding the Spanish *San Josef* (112 guns). The *San Josef* having fallen broadside of the already captured *San Nicolas* (80 guns), Nelson immediately gave orders for boarding that ship from the *San Nicolas*; he himself leading the way and exclaiming, "Westminster Abbey or Victory!" Captain Barry assisted him into the main-chains, and at that moment a Spanish officer looked over the quarter-deck and said they would surrender.

A CANOPY OF GULLS.

The Fylde district of Lancashire contains no more interesting spot, in the eyes of the visitors to Blackpool, than "Gull Island," the nursery of the Black-headed Gull, and the only pity is that it is not more extensively known. The place is really a portion of the large tract of



GULL'S NEST.

peaty land called Winmarleigh Moss, but, being quite isolated from the surrounding country, the name "island" is not by any means inappropriate. The ground occupied by the nests of the birds is about four acres in extent, and within the limits laid down by themselves the gulls settle year after year during the breeding time. Roughly speaking, this season extends from April to July, and during these months gulls of the black-headed variety are assembled here from all parts of the country. It is also stated to be the only breeding ground in the North of England. The keeper who is appointed to preserve the birds and eggs during the breeding season says that some of the birds are known to come right from the neighbourhood of London. Winmarleigh Moss is peaty enough and yields readily to the tread, but Gull Moss is twice as much so, and it is only during dry weather that it is advisable for visitors to bend their steps thither. The herbage is of the roughest description, consisting mainly of dock-like leaves, and stiff, wiry heather. This covering lies thick upon the ground, giving it somewhat the appearance of a turnip-field from a distance; but it is not too thick for the gulls. Every tuft and hummock is by some pair selected as their nesting-place, so that the number of birds congregated there is something enormous. The nests are considerably less than a yard apart, and it is with no little difficulty that the visitor can avoid stepping upon them. The whole four acres are literally covered with nests, and notwithstanding the care exercised, hundreds of eggs and young are unwittingly destroyed every season. The young birds, too, lie concealed in the heather near the nests, and have to be actually pushed out with a stick before they can be induced to move. Every now and then these little creatures have a very narrow escape, for the Herring-Gulls, the sea-going variety, occasionally make their way up the River Wyre from Fleetwood, and if they are not carefully watched, they deal out destruction to the young Black-headed Gulls.

The real interest in Gull Island, however, is derived from the spectacular effect that the birds hovering over their nests produce.



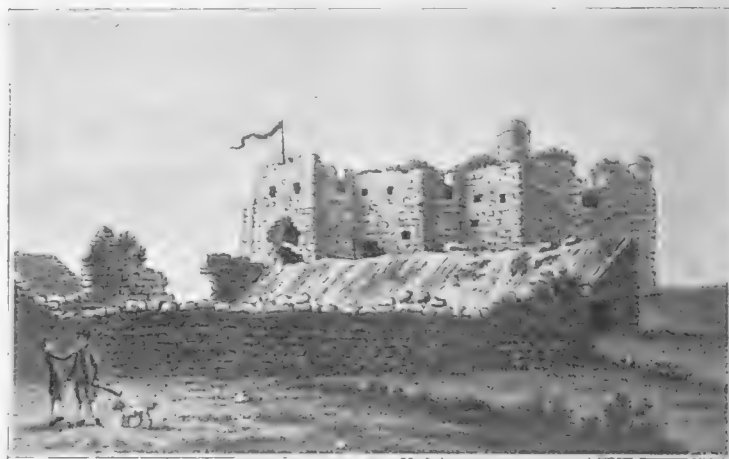
GULLS HOVERING OVER THEIR NESTS.

Their screeching may be heard from some distance, and serves to guide the footsteps of the visitor, who, as he approaches closer, sees a thick cloud of fluttering wings obscuring the horizon. The visitor who gazes upon the scene for the first time is filled with admiration, wonder, and awe, for it is a magnificent spectacle.

T. B.

SHALL LUNDY ISLAND BE FORTIFIED?

A number of M.P.'s, under the chairmanship of Sir W. C. Gull, have been discussing the advisability of making Lundy Island a fortified harbour. Though little enough has happened in Lundy of anything like an epoch-making character during recent times, the island, which occupies a position that would render the proposed fortifications very useful in protecting the ports and shipping of the Bristol Channel, has an ancient and by no means uninteresting history. Our more immediate and more reliable records of Lundy go back to the twelfth century, when it was undoubtedly the stronghold of one Jordan de Marisco, who had married a Plantagenet (with the "bar sinister"), a daughter of a natural brother of Henry II. Jordan appears to have been a turbulent and overbearing lord, and his conduct led to the forfeiture of his island and its grant to the Knights-Templars. Jordan's son appears to have resumed the lordship for a time; but, following in the arbitrary steps of his father, he too was declared to have forfeited his lordship, and King John decided the ownership of the island in favour of the Templars. To declare was one thing, to enforce another. William de Marisco defied King and Templars, and it appears doubtful if he was ever evicted; it is certain the Templars never entered into possession of their grant. This William allied himself at one time with the French, and assisted their fleet against his own countrymen. The Mariscos were almost exterminated after the attempted murder of Henry III. at Woodstock by an assassin hired by one of the family, and for forty years Lundy was at peace. But they were back in 1281, and for nearly another forty years there was war between them and the Crown, till Edward II. finally dispossessed them, and gave the island to Hugh le Despencer. Edward, it is said, attempted to fly to Lundy for refuge, but was compelled by bad weather to land in Wales, and met his fate at Berkeley Castle. With the accession of Edward III., le Despencer fell, and the Crown resumed possession of Lundy. It passed through the hands of several noble houses, till at length in Elizabeth's



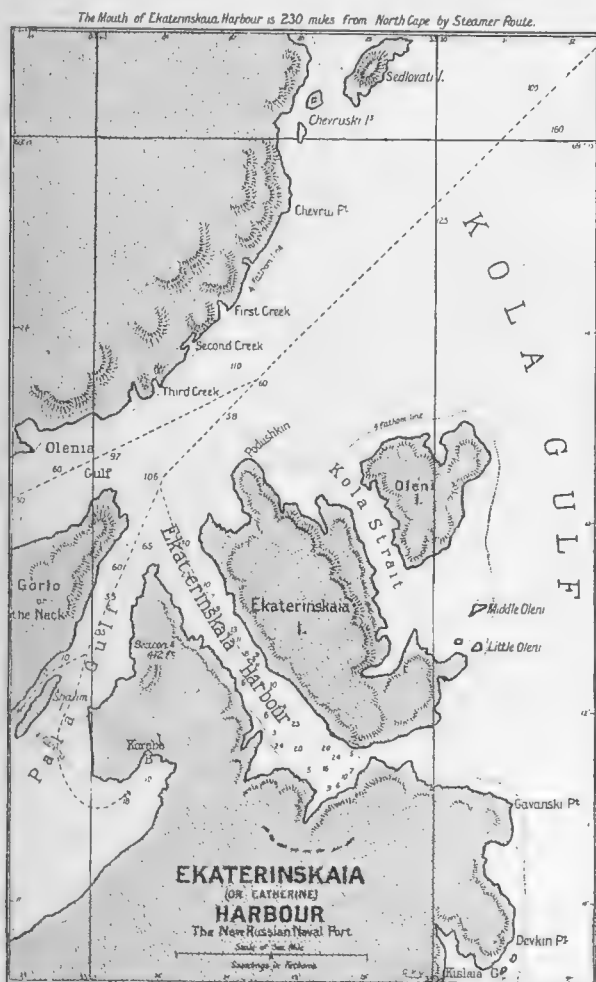
LUNDY ISLAND.

time it came to Mary St. Leger, who married the renowned fighter, Sir Richard Grenville, and brought it to that famous West Country family. From Grenvilles it went to the Leveson-Gowers, but was sold by the executors of the first Lord Gower, and it seems impossible to obtain a complete list of its owners since that date. Perhaps the most romantic part of the history of this little-known island that has seen so much is that which was enacted in the seventeenth century. It had gradually attained an evil reputation as a haunt of pirates, and had for "King" in the times of James I. one Captain Salkeld. The famous or infamous "Judas" Stukely is said to have made it his headquarters, and for a time it appears to have been in actual possession of a Turkish fleet. In 1632, one "Admiral Nutt," a noted buccaneer, quartered himself at Lundy, and was only repressed by stern measures and a dozen armed vessels. Then came the Civil War, and Lundy was loyal. One Thomas Bushell fortified it for the King at his own cost, but it saw no service. Lord Saye and Sele got a grant of it (River's Grant, I suppose), and Sir Thomas Fairfax demanded its surrender. Bushell would give up the island only at the command of his unfortunate Sovereign. This was obtained, and in 1647 Colonel Richard Fiennes, the famous Parliament soldier, took possession for Lord Saye and Sele, his kinsman. Tradition has it that his lordship died there, and was buried in the Chapel of St. Helen. The Commonwealth kept Lundy clean of piracy, but the Restoration saw French privateers there, and this outrage was repeated in the days of good Queen Anne, with serious damage to Barnstaple and Bideford. The last really noteworthy incident that occurred at Lundy was the establishment on it of a sort of amateur convict-station by one Benson. In 1747 he contracted to export convicts to the Plantations, but he obtained a lease of Lundy and found this a cheaper and more convenient settlement! He was a rascal whose schemes were at length defeated, and he himself was compelled to fly the kingdom. Since those days little of note has occurred at Lundy, save the erection of a lighthouse by the Trinity Board in 1819. The late proprietor, a Mr. Heaven, lived in the island, I believe, for fifty years. There has been some attempt to develop the granite-quarries which exist in the island.

W. C. F.

A NEW RUSSIAN WINDOW.

History, of course, repeats itself. Peter the Great created out of the swamps of the Neva the splendid city of St. Petersburg. Why? Because his ambitious soul could not brook the seclusion of inland Moscow. He wanted a window from which he could look out on



A NEW RUSSIAN HARBOUR OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

Europe; he made St. Petersburg that window. But since then Russia has expanded enormously. "Russia in the Far East" is the nightmare of European Cabinets; but there is another phrase which suggests to me a less familiar aspect of her expansion. For "Russia in the Near West" has become a very real fact which we scarcely yet recognise. She has made a long stride to her freedom in Europe by throwing railroad arteries toward the ice-free waters of her North-Western coast just where it joins Norway; and in founding the port of Ekaterina—formally opened a week or two ago—Nicholas has followed the example of the great Peter and opened another window upon Europe.

The significance of Ekaterina cannot easily be mistaken. It provides Russia with her great need—a port which is open all the year round; which, thanks to a wisp of the Gulf Stream, is never closed by ice; which is only a few miles distant from Norway, only a few days' steaming from Great Britain.

I have been along the whole length of this Northern territory of Russia, and a more desolate country it would be hard to find. It is known as the Lapland, or Murman—which means the Northern, or Norman—Coast, partly because it abuts on Norway, and partly because the hardy Norseman for many centuries monopolised its waters and inlets. It was on this coast that our great Englishman, Sir Hugh Willoughby, was cast away, and miserably perished with his whole crew. The rugged cliffs of granite rise sheer from the sea; their gullies gleam with snow

which never melts; while behind this sea-front the land is either cleft with ravines, through which wild rivers, beloved of salmon, rush in cataracts to the sea, or is depressed into wide basins of swamp rich in mosses of Arctic type. Behind them all are the uplands, across which the reindeer wander, and, above these again, ranges of forbidding peaks covered with everlasting snow.

The exact position of this new Russian port is about a hundred miles east of the Norwegian frontier, and the same distance from the Varanger Fiord. It lies just to the west of the Kola Gulf, and it is to take the place of Kola, the old capital of Russian Lapland, as the political and administrative centre. Ekaterina Harbour is nearly a mile and a-half in length, about a quarter of a mile wide, and from sixty to one hundred and fifty feet in depth. It is almost landlocked, being completely sheltered from the sea on the north by the island of Ekaterina. In spite of its secluded situation, it is within a dozen miles of the course followed by steamers trading between England or Norway and Archangel, and by such it will be welcomed as a harbour of refuge in case of need. The energetic and able Governor of Archangel (in whose vast province it lies) began work upon this virgin spot in the summer of 1896; to-day, a visitor to Ekaterina will find that the swampy valleys have been thoroughly drained; that the granite cliffs have been so blasted that roads, terraces, and fine open sites for many buildings are everywhere; that warehouses, quays, granaries, line the shores; that a church, school, hospital, police headquarters, "Palais de Justice," telegraph-office, and all the buildings required by the thorough system of Russian government are complete; and that even a hotel and public baths have been included! Completed and opened punctually to the very month originally fixed three years ago, the new port of Ekaterina is but another example of Russian thoroughness and her unswerving adherence to a settled policy. That is the true Imperial spirit.

In the next war in which Russia is engaged, Ekaterina Harbour—I cannot insist too strongly on its being a *naval* as well as a commercial port—may revolutionise matters for Western Europe. It will be the one outlet from which, all the year round, Russia will be able to send forth her battleships. The "open window" of St. Petersburg was, after all, closed and blurred over for nearly half the year; the open window of Ekaterina will never close. And did I say that history repeats itself? Well, in the reign of the great Catherine, a Russian war-fleet, unable to get back to the frozen waters of the Baltic, actually sailed round the North Cape and wintered in this pleasant and safe but then uninhabited and unfortified harbour. The Russian fleet will again winter here, but under what vastly different circumstances!

I should add that if anyone would like to realise how the great northern province of Archangel and Russian Lapland has been brought up to date in recent years—it has developed enormously even since my visit of two or three years ago—I cannot advise him better than to read "A Russian Province of the North" (Constable), which is written by the most able and energetic Governor Engelhardt of Archangel, and translated by our very popular and capable Vice-Consul in that province, Mr. Henry Cooke, an old Cambridge man. Governor Engelhardt not only gives us a complete panorama of his province, as seen by himself in the course of most arduous journeys on the Tundras, through Lapland, and even to Novaia Zemlia, but he describes his adventures and sport in the course of them in the most entertaining manner, and gives very valuable information about those interesting races of the North—the Korelians, the Pomors, the Samoyeds, the Lapps, and the Zirians.

A. MONTEFIORE BRICE.

EKATERINA, THE NEW RUSSIAN PORT, OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND AND WITHIN A FEW DAYS OF BRITAIN.
Photo by Leetzing, Archangel.

THE SPLENDOUR OF THE MODERN ACTOR.

MR. NAT GOODWIN AND HIS WIFE, MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT, LIVE LIKE LORDS IN A MANSION AT SHOOTER'S HILL.

Love of the Old Country exists, albeit sometimes deeply hidden away, in the heart of every true American. It is this affection which gave the log of the *Mayflower* its high value and makes an Anglo-Saxon pedigree a priceless heritage; and, when opportunity serves, this sentiment is not suffered to remain barren, but to bear fruit in the acquisition of some portion, small or great, according as means are to hand, of the mother soil. It is a proud moment, though he may not always admit it, when an American can plant his foot on English ground, and, spreading out his hands north and south, east and west, declare, "This piece of England is mine for ever and a day against all comers." Mr. N. C. Goodwin, the famous American actor, is, at all events, in that enviable position, for since last year he has been the freeholder of Jackwood, a most beautiful estate of fifty-two acres in the county of Kent. It lies on the sloping brow of Shooter's Hill, over which runs the ancient Watling Street, as the old Roman Road between London and Dover was designated. With that hearty spirit of hospitality characteristic of his nation, he will meet you at Blackheath Station, if you are his invited guest. At any rate, this was my good fortune, and I shall long remember the pleasant drive in his spider-like buggy or gadabout to his residence, four miles away. However, his fast-trotting mare, Max—which you might almost drive with a cobweb, in spite of her high courage—covers the distance in next to no time, for she makes light of the redoubtable Shooter's Hill, as dangerous to the cyclist to-day for its steepness as it was dangerous in the good days of old to mail-coach traveller, whom Dick Turpin here too

saddle-bags and leather belts, one of which is fringed with a number of human scalps. The collection is very fine, and is reckoned second only to the famous Remington one in America. However, it would be impossible to describe all the trophies in this



JACKWOOD, SHOOTER'S HILL, THE HOME OF NAT GOODWIN AND HIS WIFE.



MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT AND HER HUSBAND, NAT GOODWIN.

interesting hall, but mention should be made of the richly inlaid Moorish muskets, the fine carvings, and the rare hangings. But Mr. Goodwin carries you off for a "cocktail" to his den, which, with a great circular window looking out over the rose-terrace, reminds you of the stern-cabin of a big ship. It is a lounge full of easy-chairs, soft settees, and luxurious divans; but one's interest is mainly centred in the scores of photographs of Nat Goodwin's numerous friends which people the tables and cover the walls, while the collection of caricatures of "Nat" on menus and invitation-cards and cut out of newspapers would furnish one with an annuity of laughter for life. But it is time to find the ladies. Ascending the wide staircase on your way to the drawing-room, the portrait of George Henry Cooke, the comedian, mutely appeals to you, while a well-known voice from some unseen spot inquires, "How do you do? Please come in here." The invitation comes from your hostess, Mrs. N. C. Goodwin (Miss Maxine Elliott), whom you find in the deep recess of a great embrasured window in the gallery, which has been fitted up into a most delightfully cool little snugger, screened off by light curtains, and containing a writing-table and a cushioned couch. You will find several more of these charming retreats about the house, one especially, fashioned out of an old carved four-poster and prettily canopied. Her letters despatched—and Mrs. Goodwin assures you that her

frequently relieved of his purse. It may be remembered, too, that it was at the top of this hill that horseman from Tellson's Bank overtook Mr. Jarvis Lorry, as told in Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities." Very near this very spot, Mr. Nat Goodwin turns his horse's head to the right, and the lodge-gates of Jackwood flying open, you descend a broad drive, edged with a laurel hedge on each side, and backed by a dense wood of forest-trees. But presently the ornamental chimneys of a half-timbered old-English villa, with overhanging eaves and latticed windows, come in sight, and before you have properly taken in its picturesque features, you find yourself before its rustic porch, from which you may contemplate one of the finest views in England, the panorama extending to fully twenty miles in all directions. You are received with a joyful canine chorus from the throats of a small crowd of bulldogs and bull-terriers, all American-bred, and all doted on probably by Mrs. Nat under the law of contrasts.

Once within the portals of Jackwood, your admiration is continually being won by the artistic surroundings and the air of luxurious comfort which everywhere prevails. The interior is entirely lined with polished pitch-pine, and the great staircase with its open gallery is a triumph of workmanship, while the overmantels are of dark wood handsomely carved, many displaying the Arms of the first tenant, Sir William Plasted Wilde, whose crest and motto decorate the richly moulded ceilings, especially that in the drawing-room, which is adorned with heavy pendants. Facing, as you enter, are two richly jewelled swords, worn by Nat Goodwin when playing David Garrick, and to them is attached a quaint Japanese shield; indeed, the spoils of many countries peep out from every nook and corner amidst masses of palms placed in coigns of vantage. The far end of the hall is a divanec recess, rich in colour, for the walls are hung with bead-embroidered mocassins and gay blankets from Texas. There you will note the feathered head-dress of the Indian Chief Bignmouth, together with Nebraska



THE SISTERS IN THEIR CARRIAGE.

correspondence frequently compels her to meet the dawn—she conducts you to the drawing-room. Here you will at once notice a painting by G. de Forest Bush, entitled, "Mourning Her Brave," as well as a beautiful bronze statuette of Nathan Hall, the American spy



MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT AND HER SISTER MAXINE.

hanged by the English in the War of Independence, who died after exclaiming, "Oh, that I had another life to devote to my country!" It was in portraying this character that Nat Goodwin made one of his many great "hits" on the stage, while Miss Maxine Elliott was also most successful in the same play. Many other artistic masterpieces figure in this room amidst numerous plaques of classical subjects, while over the floor and settees rich fur rugs and old Persian draperies give a sense of comfort and of varied colour. But your hostess is insistent on showing you the grounds before luncheon, for the charming pleasantries and the terraced rose-gardens, enclosed on one side by a dwarf wall adorned by rounded Kentish gables and copied from Haddon Hall, are among the sights at Jackwood. These pleasant walks, paved in places with smooth red tiling, overlook the lawn-tennis ground, at one end of which a mighty oak gives agreeable shade to onlookers, while further down the hillside the thistle-grown slopes are the playground of wild rabbits, which emerge from the thick underwood around in the cool of the evening. Through a vista in the forest, a favourite resort of the family, you may watch on Thursday nights Brock's fireworks at the Crystal Palace, far away in the distance. But the luncheon-gong presently recalls you to the house. Nat Goodwin apparently



THE DRAWING-ROOM AT JACKWOOD: MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT AND MR. N. C. GOODWIN.

MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT AND HER SISTER GERTRUDE ON THE TERRACE AT JACKWOOD.
From Photographs by Thomas Cheapside.

likes living *en prince*, judging by the elegance of the table appointments, while he keeps his guests amused with his humorous remarks and well-told anecdotes. In the intervals of conversation, perhaps your eyes may stray to a cabinet filled with the choicest Bohemian table-glass and the daintiest china, while above it you will observe a massive loving-cup, the gift of that merry brotherhood, the Lambs' Club, in New York, as well as two great silver bowls, substantial proofs on two occasions of Nat Goodwin's popularity among the members of companies with whom he has toured in the United States. On the sideboard you will note a spirit-stand, the gift of his great friend Mr. de Wolf Hopper, while a quaint seventeenth-century Nuremberg flagon hobnobs with a nineteenth-century jug "made expressly for Jackwood." As a lover of horses and an all-round keen sportsman, Nat Goodwin will anticipate your wishes in proposing a look at the "gees" in his stable. He somewhat deprecates the merits of Donald and Duke, two upstanding carriage-horses, but confesses a weakness for Kentucky and Sweetheart, two beautiful chestnuts, and another saddle-horse often ridden by his sister-in-law, Miss Gertrude Elliott, who has participated in the admiration evoked by her still more beautiful sister, Miss Maxine Elliott, at the Duke of York's Theatre this season.

It may not be known that Mr. Nat Goodwin was originally intended to follow in his father's footsteps as

a lawyer, but his great talent as a mimic and a reciter early pointed to the vocation which he now adorns. This is not the place to give a detailed account of his career or to analyse his gifts as an actor. It will suffice to say that Nat Goodwin, in the earlier part of his professional life, took part in many farcical productions, establishing himself as a first-class farcical comedian, and later on he demonstrated his versatility by appearing in serious drama with much distinction; but his true *métier* is undoubtedly light comedy, in which he has few, if any, more successful rivals. The name of Nat Goodwin is a household word throughout the United States, and his arrival in an American city makes the week of his appearance a gala one among the theatre-going public, with whom he is held as a "star" of the first magnitude, sharing that honour with Sol Smith Russell, de Wolf Hopper, and H. Crane. Few theatrical managers have produced a larger number of plays, so that he is regarded as a gold-mine by American dramatic authors. Miss Maxine Elliott's recent laurels as an actress succeed many that she won in America, as well as those she received three years ago when she appeared in Daly's company on her last visit to London. As a matter of fact, she is much too well known and appreciated by English theatre-goers to need any praise from me, even if the space at my command were sufficient to allow of it.

T. H. L.

A NOTABLE INDIAN SCHOLAR.

London is crowded with distinguished visitors. One of the most notable is Shums-ul-Ulama Syed Ali Bilgrami, a famous scholar and officer of the premier Native State of the Indian Empire. The small word "Syed" which he prefixes to his name carries a great deal of meaning. It shows

that his ancestors came from the classic land of Arabia, and that he can trace his descent to no less a personage than the great founder of Islam.

Mr. Syed Ali's grandfather was the representative of the King of Oudh at the Court of the Viceroy and Governor-General of India. After the annexation of Oudh, his uncle, the Hon. Syed Azamuddin Husain, served on the staff of Lord William Bentinck, took an honourable part in the heroic defence of Arrah House in the troublous days of the Indian Mutiny, fought against Kunwar Singh, was Political Agent in Sindh, and a member of the Legislative Council of Bengal. For these important and honourable services he was rewarded with a



MR. SYED ALI.

Photo by Bourne and Shepherd, Bombay.

Companionship of the Most Exalted Order of the Star of India. His father, Syed Zynuddin Khan, Bahadur, served with distinction in the subordinate Executive Service of Bengal.

Mr. Syed Ali was born in 1851. He was educated principally in the Canning College of Lucknow, but he graduated from the Patna College. After taking his degree, he joined the Civil Engineering College at Roorkee, but he was not long there before he attracted the notice of the first Sir Salar Jung, G.C.S.I., who brought him to England, where Mr. Syed Ali joined the Royal School of Mines, and studied under Huxley, Judd, and Tyndall. In 1878 he passed with the highest credit the examination for the Associateship of the Royal School of Mines, and obtained the Murchison Medal for geology.

He spent all his vacations on the Continent, and acquired an intimate knowledge of the languages and literatures of Germany and France, and when he returned to his native land he was not only a qualified geologist and engineer, but also a well-read man of letters, conversant with the most useful languages of modern Europe.

Besides all this, he presides over the Department of Public Works, including Railways and Mines, and is an excellent Sanskrit, Persian, and Arabic scholar. In 1891 he headed the list of the successful candidates for the B.L. degree of Calcutta University. He is preparing a Vedic Grammar.

Mr. Syed Ali is a Fellow of the Geological Society of London, of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland, of the North of



MR. SYED ALI'S LIBRARY.

England Institute of Mechanical Engineers, and of other learned bodies. He was also selected to represent the Indian Mussulmans in the Parliament of Religions in connection with the Columbian Exposition. His title of Shums-ul-Ulama, which means "Light of the Learned," was conferred by the Government of India in 1891.

OUR MOST NORTHERLY UNIVERSITY.

An out-of-the-way, but exceedingly interesting volume, most beautifully produced by the Aberdeen University Press, has just appeared under the curious title of "Aurora Borealis Academica." Fanciful as it is in a stately, old-fashioned way, the title is singularly happy, for to the alumni of the most northerly university in these islands the figures in the book are all more or less stars that continue to twinkle, if not in intellectual brilliancy, at least as perpetual memories. The volume consists of impressions of thirty-three of the officials—from learned Professors to the humble Sacrist—who formed the permanent personnel of Aberdeen University for nearly thirty years—1860 to 1889; that is to say, from the time that the two Universities—for far-off Aberdeen actually had two separate Universities at a period when all England had no more—were combined, down to the time when all the Scotch Universities were transformed by Act of Parliament, and sent forth on the road, re-equipped, to meet the newer claims of the younger generation.

The period covered is of surpassing interest, inasmuch as the men turned out during these thirty years are to be found in all sorts of positions over the world; while the presentation of the portraits has been made doubly attractive by the fact that the writers (twenty-eight in number) represent the widest class, from Sir George King—the man who made quinine-growing a practical possibility in India—and two London editors, down to parsons in small Scotch parishes. The editor of the volume, Mr. P. J. Anderson, perhaps the greatest enthusiast on academic good-feeling in this country—and there the Americans show us the lead—has not attempted to manipulate the opinions of his contributors, so that, amid a diversity of views, you get a complete picture of the various Professors, and a striking testimony to the value of the University to all who passed through it, from the poor parish priest to the man of action in the noisier secular world. Thus, in a roundabout way—all the more valuable in the case being stated informally not by educationists, but by men in the wider outside world—"Aurora Borealis Academica" forms a clue to the success of the north-eastern corner of Scotland, which so frequently passes for a phenomenon to those who have witnessed the progress of the Scot abroad.

As a matter of fact, no phenomenon is intended; no magic is involved. Four hundred years ago a Roman Catholic prelate and statesman established a University in the northern town, so that the poorest boy could enter it. The University never departed from the mediæval democratic model on which it was based. Indeed, it has become more democratic, because its existence was as necessary for the surplus population as a coal-mine is to Durham, a cotton-factory to Lancashire, or the Heath to Newmarket. For centuries it was the sole door that led to the outside world, and to-day it remains one of the great Open Sesames. To this day the citizens of Aberdeen are far more interested in a Senior Wrangler than in Tod Sloan or in W. G. Grace. The town is a sort of educational Newmarket, where the people watch youths carrying off scholarships with the same interest that a trainer on the Heath eyes his colts at the morning gallop. "Aurora Borealis Academica" is an appreciation of the trainers of thirty years, pronounced by some of the winners they turned out.

The master trainer of the Aberdeen graduate during the period under review was undoubtedly Dr. Alexander Bain, who held the Chair of English and Logic (since divided) from 1860 to 1880. The friend and biographer of Mill and the executor of Grote, Dr. Bain is still living as a veteran of eighty-one. He entered the scene at the psychological moment. A cleavage had occurred, so that the humanities which had dominated the academic system had to confine themselves to one College (King's), while the other University (Marischal) was reduced to a school of medicine. Bain's life-work was to increase the cleavage by leavening the humanities. Representing in a form exaggerated by special training the characteristics of the North-Eastern Scot—the disintegrating intellect, the method, the will, the sense of duty—all to the minimising of the emotions—he was hailed with hate, but ended by eclipsing his contemporaries, and representing for the outside world all that Aberdeen signifies. Larousse, for example, notes as the only interesting point in a four-line description of the Granite City—"Patrie de Bain," who is separately noticed as "philosophe Anglais." The transformation which has overcome the Scotch Universities since 1889 is the consummation of Bain's point of view, though, by a curious irony, Parliament did not appoint him as one of the Commissioners to effect the change. Indeed, Bain has outlived his direct dominance, just as he has outlived his most brilliant disciples—Croom Robertson, the psychologist, and W. A. Hunter, the politician; while his most famous pupil, Robertson Smith—the greatest pundit Aberdeen has produced this century—and Minto, his successor, have both gone. In many ways the wane of Bain is not to be regretted, for he has been responsible for squeezing out the last drop of the emotional from a people whose initial emotional equipment is not very great. Bain has been practically a Brain (cabinéd in an inadequate body), and he has done much to make the North-Eastern Scot a success in the ordinary affairs of the world; but he has also helped to create the extraordinary dearth of artistic impulse which has characterised a people unusually active in almost every other walk, so that it has been left to St. Andrews and Edinburgh to produce a Lang, a Stevenson, a Barrie, beside whom Aberdeen has nothing whatever to show, with the sole exception of George MacDonald. But the cultivation of the emotional value of life in general has once again begun, aided largely by the introduction of teachers from the peoples of the more pliable South. The "Aurora" presents an epoch that can never return.



A MERMAID.

A PEER DESCENDED FROM A WHIPPING-BOY.

Bernard Edward Barnaby Fitz-Patrick, Lord Castletown of Upper Ossory, is the lineal representative and heir of Barnaby Fitz-Patrick, the famous Whipping-Boy to Edward VI. It was the duty of the Whipping-Boy to receive all the punishment, corporal or otherwise,



LORD CASTLETOWN.

Photo by Lafayette.

which fell to the lot of his princely master. Barnaby Fitz-Patrick must have had something of a sincere, since Edward VI. is said to have been a particularly studious lad. It will be remembered that in Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel" he makes Sir Mungo Malagrowth a former Whipping-Boy to James I. It is a fact that Charles I. had a Whipping-Boy in the person of Will Murray, father of Elizabeth Duchess of Lauderdale and Countess of Dysart. But Barnaby Fitz-Patrick remains the best-known British holder of this painful office.

Young Fitz-Patrick—an Irishman by birth—had been "caught young," and brought up in England. His father, Bryan Mac-Gillapatrik, first Lord Upper Ossory, had partially—but only

partially—submitted to English law, while maintaining a species of semi-royal Court in the fastnesses of what was afterwards to be renamed the "Queen's County." The old lord Anglicised his Gaelic name of Mac-Gillapatrik to Fitz-Patrick, but he did not seek, like so many of the Scottish chieftains who had acted similarly, to claim a Norman origin for his race. Indeed, despite the peerage conferred upon him in 1541, he remained a most independent personage.

In 1522 he was bold enough to send an Ambassador to the English Court to demand the punishment of Red Pierce, eighth Earl of Ormonde. The envoy stopped Henry VIII. as he was going to chapel, and addressed him in the following daring dog-Latin: "Sta pedibus, Domine Rex. Dominus meus Gillapatrius me misit ad te; et jussit discere quod si non vis castigare Petrum Rufum Comitem Ermonie, ipse faciet bellum contra te." In other words, "Stop, my lord King. My Sovereign the Mac-Gillapatrik sends me to you, and bids me say that if you do not punish Red Pierce, Earl of Ormonde, he will make war against you!"

Probably this is the only case on record in which Henry VIII. was bearded with impunity, or threatened with war by one of his (presumed) subjects. Of such parentage was young Barnaby, the Whipping-Boy, but whatever turbulence he may have inherited was destroyed by the education which he received in England and the birchings he was forced to undergo on behalf of Edward VI.

Barnaby was born in 1535, succeeded his father as second Lord Upper Ossory, and died in 1581. Edward VI. had a great affection for him, and the King's many letters to this, his vicar in punishment, are published in Fuller's "Worthies" and elsewhere. In 1558 he was knighted by the Duke of Norfolk at the siege of Leith; and in 1578, on behalf of the English, he slew his own cousin, the redoubtable Rory Oge O'More, Lord of Leix. Burnet, in his "History of the Reformation," says—

This Fitz-Patrick did afterwards fully answer the opinion this young King had of him. He was bred up in learning, and had been his whipping-boy, who, according to the rule of educating young Princes, was always to be whipped for the King's faults.

The present Lord Castletown of Upper Ossory, chief of the Clan Fitz-Patrick, was born in 1849, has married the daughter and heiress of the last Viscount Doneraile, and has no children. He is an ex-Life Guardsman and a prominent Unionist politician. In the movement against the alleged over-taxation of Ireland he is one of the leaders. After his death, the chieftaincy of the Clan Fitz-Patrick and the heirship of Edward the Sixth's Whipping-Boy will pass to a distant and obscure branch of the family.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Twenty-six (from April 26 to July 19, 1899) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Four books of adventure are before me, all of them above the average, and good company for holiday-time. The first has taken long to come to the knowledge of the public. "Gerald Fitzgerald" (Downey), by Charles Lever, has lain undiscovered all these years in the Dublin *University Magazine*, where it appeared as a serial long ago. He did not arrange for its inclusion in the collected edition of his works—for what reason it is difficult to guess. One was prepared to speak harshly to the publishers for unearthing a thing the author himself did not think well of. But to read it is to be convinced that Lever omitted it merely by some oversight, for in many ways it is the best thing he ever did. There were two Levers. One was the writer of rollicking stories, the only one popularly known. The later had more serious intentions. "Gerald Fitzgerald" belongs to his later period. It is a very careful, very elaborate narrative of the supposed adventures of a legitimate son of Charles Edward, whose mother was a Geraldine. His early life was spent in a monastery, but he was called out at the instigation of his unknown father, and the world was too attractive to him to return. His later days are spent in camps and Courts, amid capricious favours and constant dangers. He is now acknowledged as the Pretender's heir, and now repudiated, and finally he falls by the hand of Kelly, his reputed father's evil genius. His life is short, but full of incident. An extraordinary, fantastic, many-coloured story Lever wrote. It is founded possibly on the slenderest base, but there is excellent work in it.

The second we owe to a very young and very promising writer, Mr. Winston Churchill. "Richard Carvell" (Macmillan) is of the same school as "Gerald Fitzgerald," an adventure story with a historical background carefully elaborated, and containing painstaking portraits of the personages of the time. The American Revolution was the great event of Carvell's life, and, as a young fellow of Republican principles, Loyalist parentage, and with connections in England, he saw a good deal all round the affair. He was enough of a personage to make good friends and stout foes for himself, and his high birth made intercourse with great folks easy enough. But the two men who attracted him most were the low-born and most romantic Paul Jones and Charles James Fox. Mr. Churchill has studied the history of Jones with real thoroughness, and has reproduced his actual character. Dumas' "Capitaine Paul" is a fancy picture. But the supreme ability, the dauntless courage, the inordinate vanity of which impartial observers have spoken, are combined here with a skill which augurs well for the future of the young writer. There is an impartiality which shows the true student of character. He sees the ridiculousness of Paul "alighting upon the bridge of the Sark to rid himself of a mighty farewell address to Scotland he had been composing upon the road," and of indulging his love of fine clothes on board a brig. But he is all alive to the genius of the man who founded the American Navy. Charles James Fox appears not as the statesman, but the fascinating, delightful comrade with the sunny nature that brightened alike his public beliefs and his private friendships. "Richard Carvell" is a book of real ability.

In Mr. Rolf Boldrewood's "War to the Knife" (Macmillan) we are transported to New Zealand at a time of storm and stress, when the Maoris have been irritated into war and are waging it with unrivalled spirit and ferocity. The writer has given us nothing so strong for many a year. He has a fine subject, and he has not spoilt it, for, though the English portions are absurd and feeble and commonplace, they are so unimportant as to have little effect on the book's worth. A poor novel, is the verdict, but a fine tale of war. Nowhere has British power come across so interesting and stalwart a race. They are dying out, but they are dying after a magnificent protest. Of this struggle Mr. Boldrewood says: "No such conflict had been waged by an aboriginal race against the arms of civilisation since the Iceni and the Brigantes confronted Cæsar's legions and fought the world's masters for generation after generation." Ferocity and chivalry were both marks of the Maori fighting-man. They have been known to victual a besieged enemy's fortress, so that the contest should be on equal terms, and Mr. Boldrewood does not minimise the magnificent stuff of which his hero's enemies were made. The subject has inspired him.

The scene of the fourth is in the realms of fantasy—though some adventurous boy may dream of going to seek it south of the Caucasus. "The Fortress of Yadasara" (Warne) is a fantastic tale of love and war in a land without visible inlet or outlet, into which fighting-men are led blindfolded, and from which escape in any ordinary civilised way is impossible. It is peopled by a mingled race, survivors of the last Crusade, who had drawn together and made a nation of themselves. When the usual adventurous Englishman turns up, he finds two struggling factions, and safety for himself only in alliance with the stronger. But at the head of one is a beautiful Princess, and that settles it. There follows a medley of improbabilities, but the whole is written with a certain grace and with an air of conviction which recommend the book for a holiday hour. The writer of this modified nightmare, Mr. Christian Lys, has made the usual mistake at the end, but it is a mistake which tradition has so sanctified that perhaps some daring is wanted to correct it. The beautiful Princess, absolute ruler in a land of fantasy, whose daily food has been intrigue and legends of treasure, is carried off to England, and there set to play the part of a plain bourgeoisie and suckle fools. The reflective reader is apt to invent in such cases a second volume, in which the tamed *belle sauvage* has gone back to her freedom, to her splendid and uncomfortable barbarism.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The London Season of 1899 is over, and it has served to raise the question—annually asked of themselves by thinking men—whether there is such a thing as a London Season. The question must have been asked with unusual emphasis this year during the recent wave of heat.



CINDERELLA AND THE GLASS SLIPPERS.

London, while the thermometer is at 86 degrees in the shade, is a very fine centre—to get away from. As such it has been regarded by all who could get away. The comparatively narrow circle of "Society" may not have shown a great falling off; but the theatres tell a woeful tale. In spite of a vast American influx, one after another has closed its doors, or wishes it had. The heat has accentuated the general slackness; but the heat is not the sole cause of the flagging of the Season.

In the first place, what we call the London Season—from May to the end of July, roughly speaking—is precisely the time when London is at its worst and many other places are at their best. English summers have of late taken to exhibiting a tropical strength during part of their time, and London in a hot air-bath which rain turns to a vapour-bath is not a pleasing sojourn. The wood pavement alone is enough to make the City unsavoury; houses, streets, and supply arrangements will not stand the test of continued heat, any more than they will answer in intense cold. Even rich people must feel these inconveniences, and, slaves as they often are to fashion, they must needs in time adapt their habits to a more reasonable system.

There is no especial reason why the Season should last so late as it does. June, indeed, is too uncertain a month to be suitable for holidays. But July is generally fine, while September, again, is always liable to equinoctial gales and their accompanying rain-storms.

The natural inference, then, is that the Season should end with June; July and August should be holiday months, and September should begin the Autumn Season, when the country is once more a precariously comfortable place for residence, and foreign mountains begin to grow chill. Then the conventional holidays would tally with those imposed by the average weather, and the pressure on the provisioning and the water-supply of London would be alleviated at the very time when it became most severe. What would it matter to Paterfamilias if his supply was

cut off from the "bath-room, fitted hot and cold," while he and his were luxuriating in the billows of Brighton or Margate? What would he care for the fluidity of butter and the over-ripe flavour of fish at home when he was revelling in the freshness of Alpine dairies and trout-streams?

The toiling millions would, indeed, be still resident in London, for the most part; though the toiling millions, even, get away far more than they did, and seem to have an altogether surprising amount of money to spend on jaunts. But they consume a proportionately smaller amount of water for baths; nor are their supplies of provisions so costly, nor their taste so fastidious, as to cause them great inconvenience in the heat. They will have more elbow-room when the upper and middle middle-class are gone away, and London and the immediate neighbourhood have plenty of health-resorts of greater efficacy than the uninitiated know.

The ideal holiday season would be one dictated by the weather, and should include those days when it is a pleasure to remain out in the open air. But this is, of course, impossible, with any regular system of work. The proper way to do would be to settle the length of the holiday first, and then to take that period of the year which, on an average of many years, gave the greatest probability of fine, sunny weather. School terms could be adjusted to this season. Easter might be kept as a holiday in itself, but should not be a time for a vacation of any length; that should be disposed so as to equalise the periods of school—unless Easter could be fixed at a convenient season. It is strange that the great Christian festival, whose date can be fixed with accuracy, should be made variable; while the one which is almost certainly dated wrong, and a great number which are more or less uncertain, are rigidly fixed.

It is all tradition—the same irrationality that makes fashionable people stay in London during July; but it is yielding to new forces. Even the Sabbatarianism of the Jew is showing signs of a change. Even the orthodox is tired of having one day of the week in which he will do no business, and another in which no Christian will do business with him. Gentiles, indeed, may well take the conservative side in this matter, for, if the Chosen People spoil the Egyptians so well in five days, what could it do in six?

But the world moves on, and scruples wear out. Many of us will live to see Easter fixed or neutralised, Jews, Turks, and Christians



ISABELLA'S PARACHUTE.

keeping the same Seventh Day, and Russia jumping twelve days on into civilised reckoning. After all, the calendar is made for man—and largely by man—on any hypothesis; and man, though not a rational being, has gleams of reasonableness, growing yearly more frequent.

MARMITON.

A CYCLING HOLIDAY IN NORTHERN IRELAND.

The latest phase of "justice to Ireland" is undoubtedly that quickening of Saxon interest in the natural beauties of Erin which has accompanied, and perhaps in some measure flowed from, the Celtic revival in literature.

The mere "tourist" ideal I am not concerned in this place to glorify, for that has, too often, alas, proved the ruin of fair regions and simple communities; but there is a legitimate and rational method of touring remoter districts, and that, I take it, is to travel on Shanks's mare, with occasional lifts from the native means of transport. Therewithal, too, must be counted the legitimate form of guide-book, which ought to be racy of the soil, informed with the spirit of the people, and filled with pictures by an artist of understanding. When such works are the traveller's companion, the reproach of the guide-book will in great measure be taken away.

Such a work, the *vade mecum* for a happy holiday in Northern Ireland,

has been achieved by Mr. Stephen Gwynn in "Highways and Byways in Donegal and Antrim," which Messrs. Macmillan have recently published. Though personally inclined towards travelling on a car, walking when it suited him, the writer nevertheless recommends the cycle, which will save

remote, lonely, and storm-beaten, in many districts so wild and barren that to this day no industry of man has attempted to reclaim it. Yet to the native born it is a country much beloved, which holds the hearts of its sons oversea with an irresistible spell, while for strangers, who miss this magic quality, it is declared to be as good a playground as may be found in Great Britain or the Continent. The writer, seeking to stimulate a desire to go to this playground of Northern Ireland, makes at least one substantial and tempting promise at the outset—that there are two things in this part of Ireland that never disappoint, the scenery and the people. Having promised this much, he has certainly made out an excellent case for himself.

Right loyally, then, as an Irishman to Englishmen, he buckles to his task, asking, as one who values at their true worth the still uncorrupted manners of Donegal, that tourists will not spoil the countryside by indiscriminate generosity. Truly refreshing is it to learn that, if one asks for a drink of milk from a cottager, it is difficult to get payment accepted, and to propose payment for what is freely offered is a certain means of giving offence. They are a free and kindly people, gifted with picturesque diction, always ready for a chat by the wayside with any traveller who shows himself friendly. Mr. Gwynn has enlivened his opening chapter with many specimens of their talk, of which let the following suffice.

A poor woman who had been asked by a charitable lady whether she was a widow, replied, "Deed, mem, A'm the worst sort o' a wudda. A'm an ould maid."

The route of the tour described by Mr. Gwynn begins at Castle Caldwell, on Lough Erne, and leads round the coast by way of Donegal,



A PEAT-CARRIER.



THE MAIL-CAR.



THE CHURCH.

Reproduced from "Highways and Byways in Donegal and Antrim."

a pound a-day, and will take the tourist easily to fine golfing and fishing grounds. Excellent hints are given by the author as to kit and outfit for the tour. The country of which he writes is the coast and coastward parts of Ireland, from Donegal Bay to Larne Harbour, a country for the most part

Carriek, with a digression to Columbkille, and then back along the main-road to Ardara, the centre of the hand-weaving industry. Hand-weaving has recently been developed by the Congested Districts Board and the Irish Industries Association. But, despite the efforts that have been made to popularise the stuffs and hand-knitted goods, they will probably always find their chief market in the district that produces them. Everywhere in this region you may "see poor men wearing stuff admirable in colour and pattern, which costs them no more than the cheap and nasty products" of alien factories. At Ardara the tourist who is interested in native industries will find much to observe.

At Dunglow begins the most tortuous portion of the route, following the jagged coast-line on to Malin Head, and doubling back to Green Castle. The track then becomes simpler, skirting the sea by Dunluce, the Giant's Causeway, Ballycastle, the Red Bay, and Larne, on to Belfast, where modernity is again caught up. Written in a clear and pleasant style, and enriched with legend, story, and song, the book carries the reader merrily along highway and byway, surrounding him, as it were, with an atmosphere intensely Irish. To the man of letters it must be an especial treasure, for Mr. Gwynn has of necessity a keen eye for literary associations. At Portstewart, he reminds you, "Harry Lorrequer" was written; Queen Meave's Castle is the scene of "The Spanish Wine." Altogether, a delightful tour, and one which must leave the traveller richer in mind and heart. Of the excellent illustrations by Hugh Thomson I reproduce several characteristic examples.

THEATRE GOSSIP.

The last trial matinée, that of "The Weather Hen," introduced to us a play of such quality that I went to the Prince of Wales's Theatre to see Mr. McClellan's farce with hope and curiosity, and left them there. For the author has not had the curiosity to inquire whether his incidents and jokes are new or old, but apparently has accepted the first ideas that have come into his mind—chiefly by the road of memory—with the result that "What? More trouble!" presented to us a terrible number of old enemies who once used to be young friends. No doubt there is something in the piece, for many of the audience laughed vastly, so that it may be that we, the old birds, are at fault, and taking too high a standard when we grumble at the alleged lack of novelty in subject and of true humour in dialogue. One cannot give any idea of the rambling story which begins with an "Elder Miss Blossom" kind of mistake and ends in a sort of topsy-turvydom after the characters have changed clothes and names, and almost everything except identity. Even the young lady who is anxious to put her potential sweetheart to appalling tests, in order to try his mettle, and fires pistols near him when he sleeps, though, perhaps, to some extent new to the stage, is not very thrilling, while an amateur picture of the Rev. Robert Spalding, though tolerably presented, is unlikely to make one forget the performance by Mr. Penley, or, better still, that of Mr. Beerbohm Tree, as the unlucky curate who did not like London.

There are times when one is disposed to suggest that any fool can write a farce, yet, I suppose, if one has grace enough to decline the obvious jest, and sufficient ambition to seek for new ideas, farce is one of the most difficult of compositions. So, since Mr. McClellan is a beginner—at least, I think so—I venture to suggest that he should neither be deceived by the applause of a friendly audience nor downcast by the scorn of the critics. He must remember he is unlikely to produce work of quality unless he can become a very severe critic of his own efforts. There seems hardly any need to talk about the performers.

Miss Violet Darrell, who appears in "The Lady of Ostend," at Terry's, is the daughter of Captain Dallin, late of the 1st Dragoon Guards. She has played at the Lyceum, the Garrick (in "School"), and the Strand. She recently played "principal juvenile" in Mr. Murray



MISS MARY SHAW.

King and Walter Slaughter's new piece, and she has frequently sung at matinées and concerts. Her present part is her first grown-up rôle.

Miss Mary Shaw, who spoke at the Women's Congress about the Drama, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, and commenced her theatrical career as a member of the famous "Boston Museum Stock Company," an organisation dear to all good Bostonians. From Boston Miss Shaw went to New York, where she was engaged in Augustin Daly's company; then followed a four years' engagement with Madame Modjeska, and in the Shaksperian repertoire of that distinguished "star" Miss Shaw shared the leading rôles. She then "starred" in Blumenthal's "A Drop of Poison," after which Joseph Jefferson engaged her for two years. A few weeks ago, in New York, Miss Shaw was seen as Mrs. Aveling in Ibsen's "Ghosts," and her performance of this complex character was accorded the highest praise. In the opinion of many, Miss Shaw is seen at her best as Rosalind. She has a beautifully modulated voice, and reads the lines with a full appreciation of the "merry mood" of this delightful creature. If arrangements can be

made, Miss Shaw hopes to give a performance in London of "As You Like It," when she will undoubtedly prove her talent as an actress, as she has already shown herself to be a powerful and convincing orator.

Miss Nina Carnegie Mardon, who at the Congress read a paper on the Stage as a Profession for Women, from the standpoint of German theatrical life, is not, as some of my contemporaries have stated, a German, although she has been acting for several years in Germany. Her father was an officer in our own Navy, and Miss Mardon spent her early days in Wales; she was educated in Paris, and then went to Berlin, and ultimately to Dresden, where she was trained for the stage by Dr. Schramm Macdonald. She made her first appearance at the Dresden Residenz Theater in August 1892. Since that time she has played constantly in Germany.

It has just been pointed out how greatly the American actress has latterly come to the front as a personal favourite, and also as a "money-maker," and in these respects the names of Misses Maud Adams, Viola Allen, Julia Marlowe, Annie Russell, and Mrs. Leslie Carter (to be seen here by-and-by in "Zaza") are especially mentioned. Mr. Richard Mansfield's success in "Cyrano de Bergerac" apart, these ladies have proved more attractive, both financially and artistically, than most of their male contemporaries in America, and statistics have been adduced to show the truth of these assertions; comparative tables of the ages and gross receipts of about a dozen actresses and actors, respectively, having been drawn up. The first four in the list of ladies are Miss Maud Adams, aged 27, receipts this season 390,000 dollars; Mrs. Leslie Carter, 34, 300,000; Miss Viola Allen, 36, 300,000; and Miss Julia Marlowe, 34, 270,000; the other eight being, in order of takings, Misses Ada Rehan, Lillian Russell, Annie Russell, Adele Ritchie, May Irwin, Anna Held, Julia Arthur, and Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske. Among the gentlemen, Mr. Richard Mansfield, 42, and 425,000 dollars, is followed by Mr. W. Gillette, 46, 310,000; Mr. John Drew, 46, 300,000; Mr. Nat Goodwin, 42, 300,000; and Mr. E. H. Sothern, 35, 300,000.



MISS VIOLET DARRELL.



MISS NINA CARNEGIE MARDON.
Photo by Raupp, Dresden.

"THE WILD RABBIT," AT THE CRITERION.

E. F. S. writes: "A French critic, perhaps, would use a slang phrase, *poser un lapin*, concerning Mr. George Arliss's piece, which excites curiosity by a title which really is quite irrelevant. To call a play "The Wild Rabbit," because somebody, when a prodigious noise is heard in a locked room, asserts that it is made by a wild rabbit, is pushing a misnomer very far. The piece tells, in old-fashioned style, one of the many stories of mistaken identity that have been put upon the stage, and, as commonly happens, the mistake occurs by the confusion of A. and B., though the audience can see there is really very little resemblance between them. Of course, the audience is expected to "make believe" that the resemblance exists, and the critic is at a disadvantage, since he declines to make believe to such an extent unless he gets a richer reward. However, the simple-minded playgoer roars with laughter—in fact, he did roar with laughter on the first night—when Lord Ravenscourt is mistaken for Nobbs, the hair-dye maker, and Nobbs for his lordship, and when the aristocratic ladies of the family fondle the sham lord, and the real is dragged and banged about till he faints, and then, as a crowning stroke of humour, gets his hair dyed a vivid red. The chief source of amusement to the more



The Poster, reproduced by permission of Messrs. David Allen and Sons, Belfast.

critical comes from the extravagant part of Sir Sidmouth Brazenose, the stammering old man who can only give words to his wrath by abandoning speech for song. Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald, though little aided by the author, succeeded in giving a very funny performance of the part. In other respects the acting is not of remarkable quality. Mr. Stanley Cooke takes the part of Nobbs, which is drawn to needless length, and, though he shows some ability in it, fails to give sufficient individuality to render it interesting to the end. Of course, Mr. William Wyes is amusing, and certainly there is some cleverness in the work of Mr. Cecil Ramsey and Mr. Athol Forde. Miss Talbot plays agreeably, and work of some merit is done by Miss Georgie Esmond and Miss Margaret Watson.

Mr. Cooke may not be quite the youngest of London managers, but he is certainly the shortest, being only 5 ft. 2 in., and scaling only 7 st. He has had a very varied experience in the provinces, in all sorts of parts, from boys to old women, and he relates that during the temporary illness of the "old woman" in one of the stock companies in which he was engaged, he played no less than six different old women in one week, ranging from Mrs. Kelly in "The Shaughraun" to the washer-woman in "Drink," while for the past four and a-half years, or 1460 times, he has appeared as Charley's Aunt in Mr. Penley's No. 1 Company while touring the provinces. It is a curious coincidence that this company has played the piece exactly the same number of times as the London company played it here. During the last twelve months "The Wild Rabbit" has been brought up to perfection by its author.

WHERE TO GO ON BANK HOLIDAY.

The availability of the special cheap week-end tickets issued by the Brighton and South Coast Railway by ordinary trains to the seaside on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday will be extended to Aug. 9. On Saturday special cheap eight, ten, fifteen, or seventeen days' return tickets will be issued from London to the seaside, and on the same day a fourteen-day excursion to Paris by the Royal Mail route, *via* Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen, through the charming scenery of Normandy and the Valley of the Seine, will be run from London by the special day express service, and also by the night express service, on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. To Caen for Normandy and Brittany special cheap tickets will be issued on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, available for return on any week-day within fourteen days. Special Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday to Wednesday tickets will also be issued from London to Dieppe. On Monday day trips at special excursion fares will be run to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, &c.

The South-Eastern and Chatham and Dover Railways announce cheap day excursions on Sunday, Aug. 6, and Bank Holiday from Charing Cross, Cannon Street, London Bridge, and New Cross to Ashford, Canterbury, and Hastings. Special cheap day-excursions will be run to Aldershot on Bank Holiday from London. Special trains will also be run to Hayes, Blackheath, Greenwich, and Gravesend (for Rosherville Gardens). Cheap day-excursions on Sunday, Aug. 6, and Bank Holiday from Victoria, Holborn, and St. Paul's to Canterbury, Deal, Dover, Gravesend, Herne Bay, Margate, Ramsgate, Sheerness, Walmer, Whitstable, &c. On Sunday, Aug. 6, and Bank Holiday cheap excursions will be run to Tunbridge Wells and Hastings from Victoria (Chatham and Dover). Special cheap tickets will be issued from certain London stations to Paris (*via* Boulogne or Calais), Brussels (*via* Calais or Boulogne and *via* Ostend), Boulogne, Calais, Ostend, Amsterdam, Arnheim, Flushing, The Hague, Rotterdam, and Utrecht. All Continental services will be as usual.

The Midland Railway will run cheap excursion trains from London on Friday night to Scotland for four or ten days, and to Ireland. On Saturday, Aug. 5, a cheap excursion train will be run to Birmingham, Walsall, &c., for three or six days. On Monday, Aug. 7, day-trips will be run from London (St. Pancras) to Southend-on-Sea, St. Albans, Harpenden, Luton, Bedford, and Kettering; a one, two, or three days' trip to Leicester; a one, two, four, or five days' trip to Birmingham, and a two or five days' excursion to Manchester. Tickets for these trains for starting from St. Pancras Station can be obtained on the two days previous to the running of the trains.

The Great Western run excursion trains every Wednesday for Shrewsbury, Aberystwyth, Dolgelly, Barmouth, Llandudno, &c., and at midnight every Wednesday for Cardiff, Swansea, &c.; every Thursday, for Clevedon, Taunton, Tiverton, &c., and at midnight for Chester, Liverpool, &c.; every Thursday and Friday night, to Weston-super-Mare; every Thursday, Friday night, and Saturday, to Dawlish, Teignmouth, Falmouth, Penzance, and other resorts in the West of England; every Thursday and Saturday, to Bridgwater, Minehead, Torquay, Kingsbridge, &c.; every Friday, to Newbury, Devizes, &c., and at night to the Scilly Islands.

The Island of Fanö, on the west coast of Jutland, has risen in favour as a watering-place not only with the Scandinavian and North German peoples, but with English visitors. Its popularity with our countrymen has, no doubt, been greatly aided by the enterprise of Messrs. Tegner Price and Co., whose Harwich-Esbjerg route makes Denmark easily accessible. The company's steamers sail three times weekly, the voyage occupying from twenty-five to thirty hours. The return fares to Copenhagen and Esbjerg are extremely moderate. Golfers and cyclists will find in Fanö every opportunity for enjoying their favourite recreation.

For the convenience of holiday-makers on the Continent, cheap tickets will be issued to Brussels, available for eight days, *via* Harwich and Antwerp. Passengers leaving London in the evening reach Brussels next morning, after a comfortable night's rest on board the steamer. For visiting The Hague, Amsterdam, and other parts of Holland, the Rhine, North and South Germany, and Bâle for Switzerland, special facilities are offered *via* the Great Eastern Railway Company's Royal Mail Harwich-Hook of Holland route, through carriages being run to Amsterdam, Berlin, Cologne, and Bâle, also restaurant-cars on the North and South German express trains to and from the Hook of Holland. The General Steam Navigation Company's fast passenger-steamers will leave Harwich on Aug. 2 and 5 for Hamburg, returning Aug. 6 and 9.

An exhaustive guide to the "Four Provinces of Ireland"—that is to say, Ulster, Munster, Leinster, and Connaught—abundantly illustrated, has been issued by the Irish Railway Companies, 2, Charing Cross, and may be obtained on application. The volume is amply illustrated with photographs and a map.

The Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway have issued an elaborate programme of cheap week-end, short- and long-date tickets from Manchester, Oldham, &c., to seaside and other pleasure resorts on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, and another pamphlet dealing with summer excursions.

The London and North-Western Company are advertising convenient fast expresses for tourists and families to Wales, Blackpool, and the Lake District.

Owing to the increasing popularity of the Boulogne trips, the New Palace Steamers Company have arranged for *La Marguerite* to run to Margate and Boulogne and back every Thursday, in addition to her ordinary trips, beginning on Thursday next.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

When to light up: Wednesday, Aug. 2, 8.45; Thursday, 8.43; Friday, 8.42; Saturday, 8.40; Sunday, 8.39; Monday, 8.37; Tuesday, 8.35.

One of the pleasantest features the outcome of cycling is the Bicycle Gymkhana, now frequently held in connection with out-of-door clubs. The Sheen House Club had an interesting gathering on Saturday week, and, as the weather was good, there was quite a gay attendance. The incident of the afternoon was the "musical ride," in which sixteen ladies took part. The uniform was pure white, with hat-ribbon and waistband of red-and-white stripes, and each lady carried a lance with pennon in white and red. For three weeks previously the fair sixteen had been well coached by Major Mayne and Miss Julius, and so everything went smoothly. Quite a number of evolutions, ending with a Catherine Wheel, were gone through, and heartily appreciated by the friends of the Club, who had gathered to the number of several hundred. The best riding of the day was undoubtedly by the ladies. Especially was this so in "riding the plank," and the competition was so keen that a very narrow plank had finally to be used to discover the winner. This was Miss Julius. A capital event was the Gretna Green race, won by Mr. Taylor and Miss Morgan. Altogether the Gymkhana was delightfully successful.

A gorgeous bicycle has just been sent from France to an Indian Rajah. The parts which on an ordinary machine are nickel-plated are in this bicycle of gold. Even the spokes are cased with gold. The gold-cased rims are studded alternately with turquoises and rubies. A scarlet cloth held down with jewels covers the saddle. All this looks rather like a bicycle-story from the States. As a fact, it comes from Paris.

Those who were daring enough to go wheeling in the hottest of the recent hot weather got an idea of what it is like cycling within the tropics. I went out on one of the hot days, and did some fast spinning along the baked roads. I found the work more fagging than cycling in May in India just before the rains, or on the Great Desert of America in blazing summer. The thermometer is nothing to judge by in regard to the effect of heat. A dry heat is not nearly so distressful as a damp heat. There is a lot of damp in our English heat, and it is this that saps one's energy. Indeed, for comfort, I would prefer cycling in India in a dry heat than in England with the thermometer ten degrees lower.

A number of medical missionaries are now settled in Uganda. They all own bicycles, and in riding them each evening find the exercise the best thing imaginable to preserve a good condition of health.

I always keep an eye open for the lion stories of cyclists and the special diseases from which cyclists are said to suffer. I've only heard one lion yarn this week. Near Bulawayo "the king of the forest" chased a wheelman, and the wheelman climbed into a tree. The lion waited fourteen hours for him to descend; but he remained aloft till the lion grew weary and went off to find lunch elsewhere. This is not a good cycling story, I admit, but it is the best one the hot weather can produce. Then as to cyclists' diseases. We know all about the cyclist's cough, humped back, and awkward walk. Now it has been discovered there are many of us suffering from what is called the "bicycle squint." The "bicycle squint" is the result of "scorching." And, having developed a squint, the "scorcher" is always running into people and things.

Cyclists are allowed to ride on the new pier at Brighton in the early hours of the morning. The Southend cyclists are therefore agitating for a similar privilege on their pier. They argue that the Southend Pier is three times as long as the Brighton Pier, and that it is practically deserted till about noon. The authorities should graciously give way.

There is no end of scope in finding new ideas for gymkhanas. When a club proposes to hold a gymkhana, it should offer a prize to its members for the best novelty. Here are three gymkhana ideas that are likely to become popular. (1) The Harmonic Procession.—On slips of paper are written the names of popular tunes, and the men competitors each draw one of these slips. Then they ride round the course to a group of ladies,

and to them they begin whistling their tunes. It is a medley, but amusing. When a lady recognises a tune, she rides off, in Gretna Green style, with the whistler; the first pair arriving at the post are, of course, the winners. (2) A Churchwardens' Race.—The contestants ride to a table, take a churchwarden pipe, fill and light it, and ride to the winning-post with the pipe intact and alight. (3) A Refreshment Race.—The competitors must ride to a table, dismount, open bottles of soda-water, and drink the contents from the bottle, then eat cracknel biscuits, light cigarettes, and ride off to the winning-post. It has been suggested that, if enough victims can be found, this latter event should be in heats. But the winner ought to have a very substantial prize.

Frequently I have given hints on this page to people about to tour. Let me press again the delight of night-riding when the moon is up; the advantages of touring from a centre—visiting all the interesting spots in one neighbourhood—rather than going a long ride from point to point; and the charm, especially in this month of August, of wheeling through the little-known lanes, exploring nooks of rustic beauty, instead of keeping to the hot and dusty main-roads. There is no country in the world where you find such loveliness, just a little from the beaten track, as in England.

Roughly speaking, there are about two hundred Members of Parliament who cycle. But they don't all ride down to the House on their machines—indeed, very few do. But they had an experience the other night, or rather, early morning, which will probably induce politicians to use their machines more frequently. There was an all-night sitting on the Clerical Tithes Bill, and four o'clock in the

morning had boomed from Big Ben before the House was "up." Members did not know when the Chamber would rise, and so they could not keep their carriages waiting all night. The hansom-cabbies were not going to stay about till goodness knew when on the chance of picking up a half-crown fare; so they went home. The consequence was that between four and five hundred Members of Parliament found themselves in Palace Yard with nothing but "Shanks' pony" to take them home. And, oh, the un-Parliamentary language used because not a single hansom was to be seen! I wouldn't have been surprised if the whole body of legislators had swooped round, gone

back into the House of Commons, and passed an Act that all cabmen be summarily decapitated on sight. I saw, however, three members who smiled contentedly and superiorly—just as a cyclist can smile when he has an advantage over the rest of humanity—when they trundled their bicycles from a passage, gave a hop, skip, and a mount, and hied away home.

A. E. Walters, of the Polytechnic Cycling Club, has, in Paris, smashed a score of records. In twenty-four hours he rode 634 miles 730 yards, which is 18 miles 390 yards better than Cordang's famous ride of 616 miles 340 yards at the Crystal Palace in September 1897. Cordang's ride was behind a wind-shield. Walters's performance was in the open, paced by motor tandems, fourteen of them in all. The accomplishment of this record was in the Bol d'Or 'twenty-four hours' race. Walters says that if his competitors had pressed him he could easily have touched the 650-mile mark.

Recently there was a cycle parade at Lockwood, close to Huddersfield. The prize went to a lady representing Little Bo-Peep. She had a tiny carriage in front of her bicycle, and on this was a live lamb resting on natural grass.

J. F. F.

There are two violinists bearing the name of Beatrice Langley in the field. One is Madame Beatrice Langley, who is Mrs. Basil Tozer, while the other Beatrice has been giving a concert at Brighton. This may lead to confusion.

The Chairman and Committee of the Ward of Farringdon Without have commissioned Messrs. J. W. Benson, Limited, of Ludgate Hill, to make the gold chain and badge of office which will be presented, on behalf of the inhabitants of the Ward, to Mr. Alderman and Sheriff-Elect Treloar.



MR. GRAHAM MURRAY, THE LORD ADVOCATE OF SCOTLAND, AND HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The entries for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire will be published on Thursday, and, unless I am greatly mistaken, both races will fill well, as several horses have, to my knowledge, been qualifying with a view to the events under notice. It would not be fair to refer by name to animals expected to acquit themselves well in the Autumn Handicap, but I may add that the Double Event Merchants have, for some little time, had big transactions on these races. It is, however, seldom that a man is able to find the winner of the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire before the entries appear, although it has been done, but not often; and, indeed, it is so remarkable for a big double to be landed with any of the Continental agents, that when one is spotted it causes more or less of a sensation in foreign parts. I find it bad enough to try and find the winner on the day of the race; but as for finding doubles before the entries are out, perish the thought!

In the case of fashionable meetings, such as Goodwood, for instance, I think the Clerk of the Course should send a card beforehand to all likely visitors when top-hats and frock-coats are not expected to be worn. On the first day of the Ducal meeting all the men wore yachting-dress or shooting-jackets and bowlers, with one or two exceptions. Sure enough, John Porter came to the course decked up in best Sunday clothes and top-hat, and I must say that he looked very uncomfortable indeed under the circumstances. Why not leave it to the Jockey Club to say, when the fixtures are arranged, what dress should be worn by the men attending the different meetings? We might then see items like the following in the list: "Brighton, flannels or waterproofs, caps; Doncaster, flannels or overcoats; Ascot, black frock-coats, black top-hats, gloves at choice; Manchester, optional, but umbrellas and waterproofs imperative.

I have many times noticed what mean, insignificant-looking men the jockeys were when wearing their ordinary dress—which, by-the-bye, some people would rightly term extraordinary. However, there are some notable exceptions; for instance, Mornington Cannon looks the perfect gentleman, either in his hunting or yachting suit, and he acts as one, too. Watts looks well in his undress uniform. Watts always wears clothes that fit him, which is more than can be said of some of the Knights of the Pigskin. Sloan, as all the world should know, dresses in the height of fashion, but he does not look half as well in any clothes as he does in his dress-suit, which shows his perfect little figure up to the best advantage. One of the best-looking and the best-dressed of our jockeys is Rickaby, who looks the perfect gentleman in his private dress.

Those believers in women's rights who are looking for fresh fields to conquer should turn their attention to Goodwood, where ladies are not allowed in the County Enclosure. I certainly think the reserved ring would look all the better for a few of the lovely faces and frocks one sees on the lawn below. Ladies are interested in the horses, and they bet, then why should they be debarred from enjoying the privileges of the reserved enclosures. At some of our race-meetings the biggest book-makers always stand on the rails by the side of the County Enclosure, thus the hardship to those big backers who have to remain on the lawn. Further, we have lady Guardians, lady members of the School Board, then why not lady members of the Jockey Club?

I had occasion to consult a well-known oculist the other day, and he told me that racing-men should always wear glasses to relieve the eyes. It seems the continual strain caused by peering into the horizon, either with or without the aid of field-glasses, to say nothing of always looking at bright colours, will in time bring about serious trouble to one's sight, and the counteracting influence is to be found in a pair of pince-nez without any actual focus. Cyclists wear goggles to guard against the bright light of the sun, and racegoers might do worse than

follow their example. True, the sight is influenced more or less by the state of health; but the eyes, in any case, should be considered a little bit, and those who suffer from failing eyesight should not hesitate to consult a specialist, as grandmotherly methods are sometimes dangerous.

The system by which most of the handicapping under the Rules of Racing is in the hands of one or two gentlemen is not, in my opinion, a success, and I think Lord Durham's endeavour to infuse new blood into the weight-adjusting department of racing has failed. Clerks of Courses always employ fashionable handicappers if they can, as they believe, and perhaps rightly, that by so doing they influence entries. But my contention is that it does not necessarily require a man to be a gentleman by birth and education to frame a good handicap, and, speaking as one who has had to try and find the winners of every handicap that has been run in this country for the last twenty-five years, I can truthfully assert that the biggest puzzles have always come from those handicappers who have, as jockeys or as officials, been connected with the Sport of Kings all their lives. I think a great many more handicappers should be able to get a living out of the work than is the case at present.

There is still a doubt as to whether Flying Fox shall run for the St. Leger, but I fancy, if John Porter has the final say in the matter, the champion three-year-old will be sent to Doncaster, as, after all, it would be a pity to miss a good chance of capturing the triple crown, and the

Duke of Westminster is hardly likely to oppose the opinion of the Master of Kingsclere in this matter. There are judges, and good judges, too, who aver that the Fox cannot stay the St. Leger course. This being so, it seems to me that his Grace, if he would add to the value of the horse at the stud, must show to his would-be critics that he either can or cannot win the race in question. If he runs and is successful, his fame is assured; but if he misses the race, many will think it is because he is not thought to be good enough to win.

Some of the reporters at training quarters do their work well and their information is very valuable. Others simply get their information from the lads, who delight in

putting them away. Old hands tell me that the farriers make the best touts, as they have to put the plates on the horses that are going to run, and they know when an animal is fit to run. The training reports, properly done, are of the greatest service to students of racing; but if the reporter, for instance, is led into telling the public that a certain horse has not had a gallop for three weeks, when, as a matter of fact, he has been in strong work daily, the result is disastrous to a certain section of speculators, who field against the animal instead of backing him, as they would have done had they known the truth.

It is a source of gratification to some of us who have agitated in favour of the starting-gate for years to hear that, at last, the Jockey Club has decided to give the "new-fangled notion" a fair trial. A young racehorse can be trained to do almost anything, and the opposers should be told that circus proprietors have for years purchased cheap thoroughbreds and found them most tractable in the sawdust ring. If the trainers and jockeys decide to give the gate fair play, I am sure we shall, in a year or two, wonder why the notion was not adopted sooner.

CAPTAIN COE.

DONGOLA RACING.

The Goring and Streatley Regatta was held on the Thames above Cleve Lock on Wednesday, in brilliant weather. In the Dongola Race, which I illustrate, Woden House beat Pangbourne and Globe Cottage.

"The Golfers' Guide Annual" is here for the sixth time, from the Riverside Press of Messrs. White, of Edinburgh. It is most elaborately done, and very well illustrated, the links being arranged alphabetically. The diagrams are very good indeed, and the book is tastefully printed.



THE DONGOLA RACE AT THE GORING AND STREATLEY REGATTA.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

With Goodwood over and Cowes in full course, the gay season at home may really be said to have simmered down into nothingness. The full tide of holiday-seeking began, indeed, quite ten days ago, when there was an appreciable falling off in the Park and those other parts of town where smart folk do most congregate.

Hundreds of English have already spread themselves over the Continental strongholds of fashion and recuperation together, and crowds

One of the Queen's Maids-of-Honour, Mdle. Mitza Jreskovich—a very pretty girl, by the way—is to be married at the Russian Church to-day, Aug. 2. Apropos, the Catholic Church which was recently begun requires a fillip for its funds, so early in September a big bazaar has been arranged to supply deficiencies. The Empress Eugénie's niece, the Duchess de Tamames, has taken the matter in hand, and is beating up recruits with great avidity for her forthcoming function.

Harking back to things matrimonial, some of the charming dresses which are being worn to-day at the wedding alluded to before will interest many of my readers, as they represent the latest creations of the



A SUGGESTION FOR A BRIDESMAID'S COSTUME.



FOR COWES REGATTA.

continue daily to pour into Hamburg, Wiesbaden, Aix, Spa, Biarritz, and all the other well-accredited rendezvous abroad where the world wags merrily and patches up the depredations committed by a season of interminable dinner-parties on its liver.

At Biarritz, the Grand Plage is where the Monde now foregathers of an afternoon, following a cup of tea at Miremont's or at the Country Club; and a very pleasant lounge it is, with a band in middle-distance, while gaily dressed women and golden youth of all international varieties flutter up and down, and one lingers lazily meantime in one's chair to see the sun go into the waters beyond—a scarlet ball of fire into the velvet-blue waves of the horizon. Queen Natalie of Servia, always faithful to Biarritz, is at Sachino, her charmingly situated villa. On Tuesday she gave a children's dinner-party, greatly to the delight of the little *invités*, and on Thursday there is to be a smart "Bal Blanc" for the more grown-up young people.

big French dressmakers. One of the prettiest gowns is an elaborately embroidered white cambric, the bodice being treated to a shirt-shape vest, fitting closely behind and hanging straight in front with shawl lapels. This vest opens over a front of frilled mousseline-de-soie. The skirt, which fits tightly, just touches the ground, no more. Its embroidery takes the form of Louis XV. bows in open-work, a form of decoration which, though in favour last year, the French dressmakers are not yet tired of apparently.

Following the latest autumn fashion, the hat to go with this costume is made of one enormous poppy done in white muslin, which spreads over the crown as far as the borders, and gives a charming effect of softness to a pretty young face. These flower-hats are a great rage in the Gay City now, and are much worn at all the smart resorts abroad at which well-groomed Parisiennes muster. A tartan poplin frock is also included in this trousseau, the upper part of the bodice being cut square over a yoke

of Irish point-lace, of which charming fabric the sleeves are entirely made, while below the shoulders they are surrounded with little flat straps of the tartan, edged with a narrow black silk fringe. This form of sleeve is the last cry of fashion as she is spoke upon the Boulevards. Another summer dress is of blue linen-silk, a new material which cleans admirably, always looks smart, and wears well to boot. A yoke of guipure also



[Copyright.]

A SMART SUMMER HAT.

forms the trimming of the shoulders. The skirt is fixed on to the waistband, being quite flat in front and trimmed all round with bands of guipure insertion to the height of the knees. One other dress worth noting is a lavender-blue summer serge in that delicious blue-grey shade which we connect with the fragrant spikes of the dear old-fashioned flower, and which makes a charming item of this well-considered trousseau.

The bodice, entirely composed of stitched pleats, is cut low to show the chemisette yoke of finely pleated cambric and lapels of black velvet; beneath them a black satin tie is drawn, with ends that reach the waist. The skirt opens down the side, over a background of stitched pleats running round horizontally. The hat to match this charming creation is a string-coloured straw, gartered and rosetted with black mousseline-de-soie, two turtle-doves being appropriately and approximately placed on the left side. By the way, the bride's trousseau includes several pairs of the new tennis-shoes which are made in thick white satin with indiarubber soles. Dyed deerskin is also very much in vogue for summer shoes, and half-a-dozen pairs, dyed different colours to match her linen costumes, are items of Mdle. Oreskovich's very complete wardrobe.

A white foulard with large branch pattern in turquoise-blue and waistband of Nile-green silk fastened with three diamond buttons has a bolero of écaru cambric thickly covered with embroidery, to be worn with which Félix sent a large black hat of transparent crinoline, trimmed around the crown with a band of black Suède and half-a-dozen black plumes. The bride's travelling-mantle is of the new material called peau-de-Suède cloth, inasmuch as it greatly resembles the velvety look of the kid, and is equally light in substance. The shape of this mantle is quite long, with three little capes, beneath which in front are broad, flat pleats, which fall straight down to the bottom of the garment. The mantle is fastened behind by a waistband, which passes through the button-hole at the side and fastens over the bodice. This leaves the cloak open in front, and, as a lining, one of the new tartan surahs contrasts well with the pearl-colour grey of the cloak.

A charming little cape given to the bride by Queen Natalie is of black point d'esprit tulle over a white ground. The high collar edged with snowy ruffles of white mousseline-de-soie is helped out by a drapery of the same material which encircles the shoulders. This cape, which is daintiness itself, and cost I forget how much, is fastened with black satin bows and little rosettes of white muslin.

The vibrating light, the breaking of the waves; and the other new charms of space and splendid horizon are dazzling the Parisian into following our native nautical fashion of cruising far afield in the pleasant summer weather, and, like everything else that holds by the hip the enthusiastic Gaul, yachting is for the moment the last cry and crux of fashionable France, almost, indeed, to the exclusion of every other form of amusement.

Everyone who can, by any possibility, has contrived to charter a yacht, and it would seem as if every boat in the world was in commission this summer. Decidedly a cruise far afield with congenial spirits on

board is one of the best things that mere mortal can enjoy here below, always given, let it be understood, an oily sea, or, at least, "a breeze with a conscience," as someone has wittily said; while, together with the absence of rude Boreas, are also banished bores or uncongenial companions. Most things pall, it is true; but, when yachting has ceased to please, it is to be hoped that science will have put the finishing touches to nautical balloons for our benefit, for only an aerial flight or a dinner-party in the clouds could successfully compete with the social graces and completely perfect environment of a successful yachting cruise.

Descending from the top-mast sail to the deck, one cannot but notice how excessively charming are the yachting-dresses provided by inspired *couturières* for the seagoing foregatherings aforesaid.

The newest gowns are of white serge elaborately embroidered with rows of untarnishable gold and silver cord, the effect of which is exceedingly becoming, as well as being highly ornamental. The old Navy serge has been deposed in favour of the various art shades of the same stuff, which are, moreover, guaranteed by their manufacturers to be fast colours, and both rain and sun proof. Covert-coatings made in very light texture and variously tinted shades are also being greatly used by the well-bestowed yachting-woman who can afford herself a sufficiently generous wardrobe; but for long cruises in out-of-the-way parts, where the merest social aspect of sailing gives way more or less to serious exploring, a strong serge of the classic cerulean colour with which we have so long taken to the water still preserves its useful pre-eminence.

The smartest Cowes that ever has been or will be is the present one, since both our Teutonic and Gallic neighbours have taken seriously to the sea, and the gaiety of nations is much more represented at our great annual regatta this year than before. We have beautiful women from all parts of the Continent and America trailing their muslin and silks on the Yacht Club lawn, where one of the best dresses was noticeably a pink serge, which, with mauve waistband, parasol, and hat, made one of the most charming combinations of colour I have seen. The Comtesse de Castellane, who has also developed the yachting fever to a high degree, appears one day after another in dresses of the most elaborate and costly. The Comtesse de Tretern, another smart yachting-woman, returned from Norway for the Cowes Week, was also a signal example of exquisite possessions, her first-day frock being a white alpaca with applications of guipure inserted, showing up the petticoat of pale-mauve silk underneath. The embroidery of this gown alone is stated to have cost £100.

Lots of interesting people are disporting themselves at Kissingen this year, where, in the heart of the wooded valley, rounded about by vineyard-covered hills of the Rhön Mountains, lies the well-known little town. The *chic* Parisienne; the healthy, rosy-cheeked English girl, with swinging gait and wavy hair; the American, well-booted, gloved, lively,



[Copyright.]

A DAINY SUMMER HAT.

nasal, are all to be seen at the springs of a morning; while in the afternoon even quiet Kissingen breaks out into an unspeakable gaiety of frocks and chiffons at which the native Teuton is still *naïve* enough to stare open-mouthed.

Sir William Pearce, Colonel and Mrs. Crutehley with a daughter, Prince and Princess Max zu Hohenlohe-Oehringen, and also pretty Princess Daisy of that ilk, General and Mrs. Marshall, Lady M. Paget, Mrs. Charles Balfour, Prince and Princess Krapotkin, and Lady Mary Curry, are all assembled here to drink the exhilarating waters or bathe in the unromantic but health-giving mud-baths for which Kissingen is celebrated.

SYBIL.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 14.

THE MARKETS.

The Bank Reserve is too weak to encourage serious hope of cheap money, and the state of trade, as shown by the rapid way that gold passes into circulation, makes the idea of a glut of money more than ever improbable.

On the Stock Exchange speculation continues very small, but there is a "bull" account in many departments larger than a casual observer might be led to believe. Contango rates have been higher than for some time past, and "bulls" of Home Rails have had to pay as much as 6 per cent., with correspondingly high figures in Yankees and Industrials. It was in the Kangaroo Market, however, that people suffered most, for in some cases as much as 20 or 25 per cent. was demanded to carry over bargains, a price which clearly shows that there is danger in the air if the unforeseen in the shape of war or serious rumour of war should come upon us.

Dock stocks have been most notably heavy on the publication of the reports, which were justly considered most unsatisfactory. The East and West Indian Preference stock suffered most heavily, falling 11 points, but Coal and Iron shares have been in fair demand, and there has been some buying of Crystal Palace Preference and Coats.

Our illustration represents a group taken on the occasion of the visit of the Premier of Western Australia to the Northern Goldfields, at a picnic given by Mr. G. W. Hall, the manager of the North Star Goldmine and the still better known Sons of Gwalia. Mr. Hall is the man who made the district, and the mines over which he presides are almost uniformly successful. He is a partner with Mr. Pritchard Morgan, M.P. ("Chinese Morgan," his friends call him), and we know that he has the most exalted opinion of both the North Star and the Gwalia group of mines. It would not surprise us to see Sons of Gwalia go still higher when the new battery is at work.

On the left (in the picture) of the cone is the Premier; next to him, just under the cone, Mr. A. E. Morgans, member for Coolgardie. Directly under the Premier is the Warden of the Mount Margaret Goldfield, Mr. A. E. Burt, and next to him Mr. G. W. Hall.

SOUTH AMERICAN STOCKS.

The recently published proposals for redeeming paper money in Brazil has directed some little attention to the South American Market. The quotations of the various stocks, however, show scarcely any alteration, and it is thought that Brazil may encounter more difficulty than she expects in carrying out her good intentions. We are, however, glad to see that the President is in earnest about currency reform, and that he does not mean to let grass grow under his feet in his endeavour to rehabilitate the financial status of his country. While the proposals do not commend themselves to us in every respect, we have no desire to discourage the Brazilian Government by critically carping at their conditions, and cordially hope that amendments here and there will suggest themselves as time goes on. Meanwhile, the 4 per cent. Funding Bonds at 88 should be an excellent speculation for a lock-up.

Argentine securities are scarcely mentioned in the Foreign Market now, and business in them has shrunk to the narrowest of possible limits. There is so little to "go for" on either tack that it is not surprising speculators should pass by the bonds in their search for active stocks, and investors are content to hold on quietly, since they get good interest on their money, and Argentine politics are quite losing their former bellicose reputation. Paris rarely does any Stock Exchange business in the summer worth mentioning, and the gold premium fails to exercise the influence over the market which once it did. We

anticipate quiet times in Argentine securities for several months to come. Uruguay $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cents.—our tip at 45—have relapsed a trifle from the best point touched this year, which was 49 $\frac{1}{2}$, but keep steadily round 49. Chilean stocks are still too risky to buy, except as a speculation, although the country appears to be recovering from the troubles during which it had to relinquish its expensively acquired gold standard. No doubt that standard will again be erected, and, with the improving prospect of the nitrate industry, it would seem a pity to sell Chilean Bonds at present.

FROM JOHANNESBURG.

Our correspondent raises in the following letter a very important question, and one which it behoves the holders of a good many Kaffir shares to seriously consider, for, if the present uncertainty continues and anything like a labour difficulty is brought about on the Rand, it is certain that in some cases the dangers of a heavy Debenture debt will be brought home in an unpleasant way to the shareholders of a good many companies, while in case of actual hostilities, lasting over any considerable period, even with the soundest mines there might be trouble. Those of our readers who hold Kaffir shares as something like an investment might do worse than look into this Debenture question for their own protection.

DEBENTURE-HOLDERS IN RAND COMPANIES.

What is to be the ultimate fate of the Vogelstruis Consolidated Deep? The money raised on a Debenture issue last year is exhausted, and the company is able to carry on only by means of advances by Messrs. S. Neumann and Co. Development work in the middle shaft has shown a fairly good South Reef; but on the east section of the property, adjoining the Bantjes, the formation is very irregular and the reef too much broken to be of any great value. Robertson, the manager, is now pushing on the west shaft—with borrowed money, as I have explained—and very much depends on how the South Reef shows there. If the adjoining Kimberley Roodepoort is any indication, then the west section of the Vogelstruis Deep must be poor. But the financial position of the company is the distressing thing. The Debenture issue for £125,000 last year hung fire for a time, and if the large holders do not come to the rescue and guarantee another issue sufficient to the company to producing stage, position of the Ordinary shareholder is precarious. A very large sum must yet be provided before a mine like this can be expected to work at a profit, and the interests of the Debenture-holders and the Ordinary shareholders are likely ultimately to come into conflict. The issued capital is £330,000. History often repeats itself on the Rand, and the fate which overtook the shareholders in the outcrop company some few years ago may not improbably befall the man on the dip.

This piling-up of Debenture debt in the case of non-producing or doubtful mines on the Rand is a little alarming. In many such cases we need only have a spell of bad times for the Ordinary shareholder to be ousted out of his property by the Debenture-holder. The Witwatersrand Deep cannot be regarded as a doubtful mine, though hitherto it has not given good assays. It is, however, a long way from the producing stage, yet it has two Debenture issues, and must shortly be in want of more money. There is really little to show at the mine for the money so far expended, but we know that a few hundred thousands do not go far on a big deep-level mine. If bad times overtake the industry, it may not be so easy to float a third issue of Debentures, and meanwhile, where is the money to come from to pay the interest on the existing Debentures?

But a more glaring instance than the Witwatersrand Deep is furnished by the French Rand. This company, which owns a large stretch of poor ground and is earning profits of a few thousands only per month, without allowing for depreciation, has an issued capital of £560,000. Two years ago, Mortgage Debentures for £200,000 were issued to straighten out the affairs of the company and enable it to get to the crushing stage. After crushing for nearly a year, the company is still in debt, and the directors have brought forward a scheme for paying the company's debt and doubling the reduction plant of 60 stamps by a loan of £150,000 bearing interest at $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The lenders are to have the option to convert the loan into Second Mortgage Debentures. It will take £2000 per month, or £24,000 per annum, to meet the interest on this huge Preference debt of £350,000, and the Ordinary shareholder may well ask where he is supposed to come in, for even with 120 stamps at work the low-grade reefs in the mine give little prospect of much profit.

Another company with not too brilliant credentials of past performances which is piling up a big preferential debt is the Consolidated Main Reef. It is



THE TOP OF MOUNT MALCOLM, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

Photo by A. Rossell and Co., Menzies.

issuing a second lot of 6 per cent. Debentures, making £240,000 issued, and it reserves the right to a further issue of £110,000, making a grand total of £350,000. It is proposed to enlarge the reduction plant from 40 to 120 stamps, and by this means bring down costs, which run at present to over 30s. per ton. But with the thin reefs on the greater part of this property, costs must always be relatively high, and to keep 120 stamps running it will be necessary to crush a large proportion of low-grade ore, so that the margin of profit can never be very high, and, after meeting the Preference charges, there can never be much left for the Ordinary shareholder, who bulks pretty considerably, the capital being £711,500.

The great bulk of the score or two of companies on the Rand which have contracted a Debenture debt in recent years are sound profit-earning concerns, quite able to meet their obligations without endangering the position of the Ordinary shareholder. But that in a number of cases there is a real danger to the shareholder is apparent from the instances quoted above, and the list is not exhaustive. The industry has been on an unusually sound footing of late, thanks to a number of favourable conditions, one of which is the abundant native labour supply. But labour is plentiful no longer, owing to the war scare, and, if the political troubles go on much longer, no man can predict when the "boys" will be induced to come back in sufficient numbers for the growing requirements of the mines. Well-informed people continue to predict that there will be no war. But that is not to say that a satisfactory settlement is near. If there is a settlement in the near future without war, it is not likely to be satisfactory to both parties. President Kruger is an old and very obstinate man, who has been accustomed to getting his own way all his days. You cannot expect him to climb down to the bottom rung of the ladder all at once. Following up this argument, it does not seem rash to conclude that less prosperous times are in store for the industry in the near future, and the relations between Debenture-holder and shareholder in some companies may become strained.

THE CANADIAN RAILWAYS.

In all other departments of the Stock Exchange other than those given up to the Mining interest, a weariness of business is the principal feature. Home Rails flickered a little upon the dividend announcements, but little fresh trade has followed in their trains; Yankees spurt every now and again, under the lead of Louisville, but the market depends for most of its orders upon Wall Street, which is now busy transporting itself to a place of coolness and holidayhood. So that there has been very small inducement indeed to dabble in Trunks, which depend to a certain extent upon the state of the Yankee Market as a rule, and are afraid to launch out too far if Canadas lag behind. It is instructive to note the highest and lowest prices of the year in the stocks of these two great companies, and in a third column we add the closing price on Saturday afternoon—

	Highst 1899.	Lowest 1899.	Price July 29.
Canadian Pacific	102 $\frac{3}{4}$	87 $\frac{3}{4}$	100 $\frac{1}{4}$
" 4 per cent. Pref.	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	99	102 $\frac{3}{4}$
Grand Trunk Ord.	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{3}{4}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
" 4 per cent. Gtd.	91 $\frac{1}{2}$	77	91 $\frac{3}{4}$
" 1st Pref.	86 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{3}{4}$	83 $\frac{1}{2}$
" 2nd Pref.	59 $\frac{1}{2}$	44 $\frac{3}{4}$	56 $\frac{1}{4}$
" 3rd Pref.	26 $\frac{1}{16}$	20	23

It will be at once observed that prices are considerably nearer the highest level of the year than the lowest. Canadas have varied remarkably little, considering the volatile nature of the shares, and the Preference stock has only moved four points and a fraction between the two poles. With regard to the latter, we might point out to a holder who is not afraid of a little risk that the 4 per cent. Guaranteed stock of the Grand Trunk Railway stands 11 points lower, and it would very likely be a profitable transaction to exchange the one for the other. No doubt lists as to Trunk Guaranteed getting its full 4 per cent. at the coming half-year, but there is considerable speculation as to what will be the lot of the First and Second Preferences. The market is giving its faith for the moment to a full 5 per cent. dividend on Firsts, and some go so far as to forecast a small distribution on Seconds. The latter, if it is anything at all, will probably be a very small one; but 5 per cent. on Trunk Firsts would have the effect of putting up the price to 90, and we should not be startled to see it standing at that figure before very long.

"KAFFIRS OR WESTRAIANS?"

That is the question, as Hamlet would most likely have remarked had he lived in these latter days. It is a question which is agitating a good many speculative minds just at the present time. The balance of glare and glitter is all on the side of the Kangaroo, while sulking away at the back of the stage are all the old favourites whose supporters have now turned their faces another way. A fact that seems in danger of being overlooked, however, is that the leading shares in both markets are comparatively high; in fact, West Australians are absurdly inflated considering how small has been the public participation in the July "boom." The cliques are almost entirely responsible for the advance in their own particular shares, although it is quite true that Adelaide has been sending buying orders too, and reports tell how Sydney has gone speculation mad. Continental operators, sick of Kaffirs, have also lent their aid to assist the sudden rush, but the majority of brokers say their British clients are doing very little in Westralians. Early in July we strongly urged our readers to buy West Australians and Yankees, upon the ground that speculation might revive at any moment. Americans had a spell of prosperity in the following week, and now the Westralian turn has come. We have no hesitation in boldly advising our readers to take their profits at once. There is not enough stamina in the market for a sustained rise, and, although the leading shares may go better after a time, intermediately they are almost sure to go worse. For one thing, the financial stability of the Kaffir groups is lacking in the sister market, and we have heard of several cases where punters were tightly placed last Contango-day, owing to their inability to carry over their commitments. Rates

have been steadily rising for the last two months, and, unnoticed while the "boom" continues, they will act like wet-blankets when the fall begins. To take their profits is our counsel to readers anxious to know how to act, and, when this is done, some of the cash might reasonably be devoted to the purchase of Kaffirs. The people who talked so confidently about war with the Transvaal are beginning to climb down, and the Peace Party are beginning to claim their own again. Still, up to the time of writing, no great move has taken place in Kaffirs. All the interest of mining investors and speculators is centred upon the West Australian Market, but in the South African Circus listlessness reigns supreme. Now, there is a time for everything, and, after the Kangaroo excitement has cooled, we shall be very surprised if South Africans do not have an innings. Goldfields at 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ are cheap, and there are many others in the list which are well worth buying. In the market they are saying that Chartered will be one of the first things to go in any upward move, but, without going into the merits of Rhodesian concerns, we certainly should not advise a sale at to-day's prices of anything South African. *Tout au contraire*, we think that Kaffirs, compared with West Australians, are distinctly cheaper to buy.

DR. AUBREY'S "STOCK EXCHANGE INVESTMENTS."

We were greatly amused to see in our usually well-informed contemporary *M.A.P.* last week a note to the effect that Dr. Aubrey was very much annoyed at the use which a certain firm of outside touts were making of this book. No intelligent reader of Dr. Aubrey's production can possibly be so foolish as not to see that it was written in the interest of a well-known firm of touting brokers who carry on business in Pall Mall East, and that its author should be aggrieved by the firm in question making use of the book as an advertisement is too deliciously foolish. If the City Editor of *M.A.P.* will read chapter eleven, he will see that in printing his note he must have been the victim of a practical joke, for not only is the whole of it a direct advertisement of one of the worst and most notorious bucket-shops in London, but the same may be said of the whole drift of Dr. Aubrey's labours from the first page to the last.

Saturday, July 29, 1899.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. G.—We understand that an interim dividend will be paid in a few days upon the Ordinary shares of the *Illustrated London News and Sketch*, Limited, at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. The preparation of the warrants and the calculation of the amount due on the instalments is, however, a heavy matter, upon which a special staff of clerks are now engaged.

PERTH.—We do not know about an early rise, but the company, we hear, is doing very well.

J. R.—We are sorry you have taken 250 shares, but with mines there is always an off-chance of success. So you had better hope for the best.

J. H.—The Deferred shares are a gamble, but we hear the company is doing well. You cannot consider the investment a safe one. The Stores are a fair business risk, and the Trust also. The latter is doing a splendid business at present.

W. C. S.—(1) This is a very respectable company. (2) One of the best Rhodesian concerns. If you are game to see the gamble out, hold on to both, especially No. 2.

W. R.—We wrote to you on the 28th inst. S. B.—Nobody can answer your question, but all accounts of the property are good, and we expect—war-scares out of the way—that the price will improve.

ROVER.—(1) The company is said to be doing well, and you have had a good dividend. If it is a return of 6 or 7 per cent. you want, there is no reason to sell. (2) These shares are not an investment we should recommend.

CONSOLS (Darlington).—(1) Yes. Our correspondent evidently thinks them good for a lock-up. We only know what he tells us. (2) New Primrose, Lancaster Consolidated Goldfields, and East Rand. (3) We should get out and take the profit.

PERCY.—(1) See what we say in answer to "Consols." (2) We have no faith in Paringas, which have been puffed to death by outside touts. We should get out and go into something which has real value, or, for a gamble, say Golden Pike or Golden Link.

The Directors of Spencer, Turner, and Boldero, Limited, have declared an interim dividend, for the six months ending July 15, on the Ordinary shares at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum, and on the Preference shares at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum. The transfer-books will be closed from Aug. 5 to 18 inclusive, and warrants posted on Aug. 17.